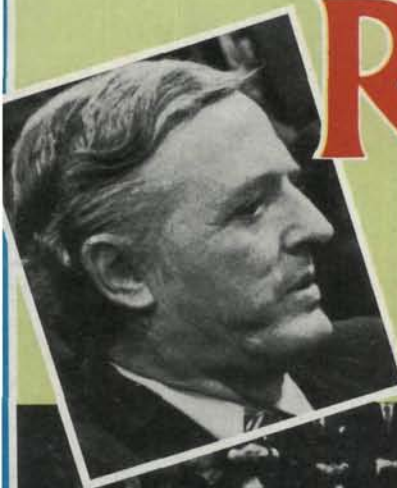


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THE
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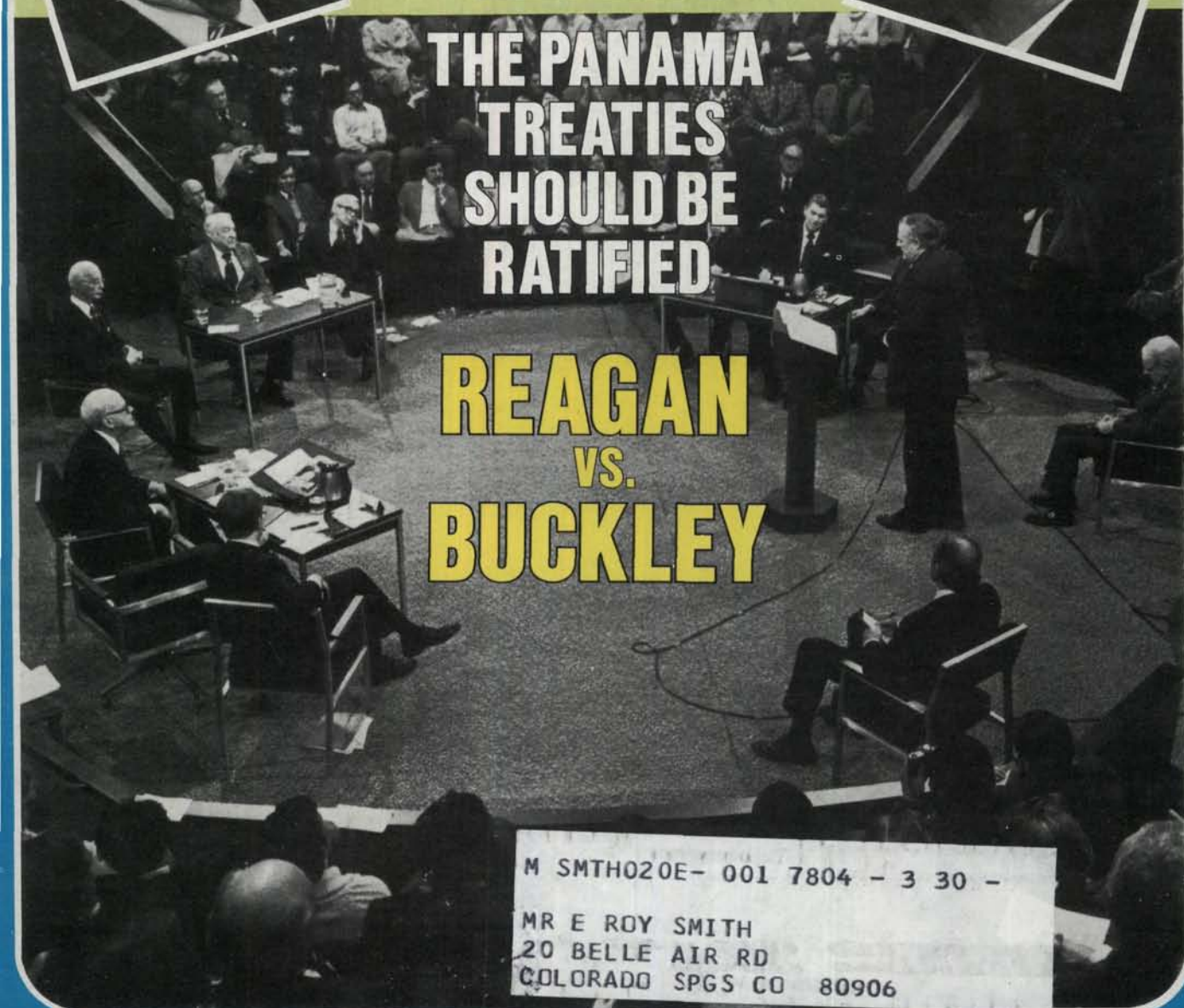
NATIONAL REVIEW



Resolved:

THE PANAMA
TREATIES
SHOULD BE
RATIFIED

REAGAN
VS.
BUCKLEY



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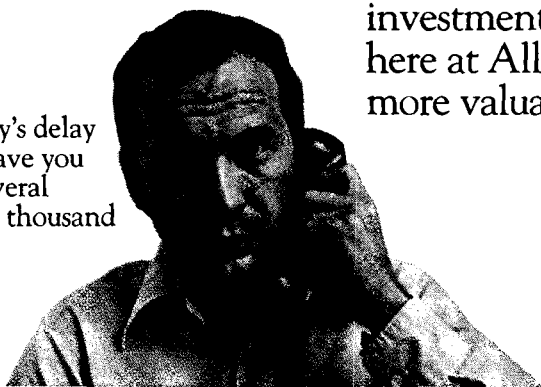
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"So even if a ship's held up only a few hours,

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Gulf Oil Corporation

you may be short several hundred thousand barrels of crude. The whole process depends on an uninterrupted supply. So you have to talk to the transportation and supply people to make other arrangements for crude oil delivery."

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People vs the elements

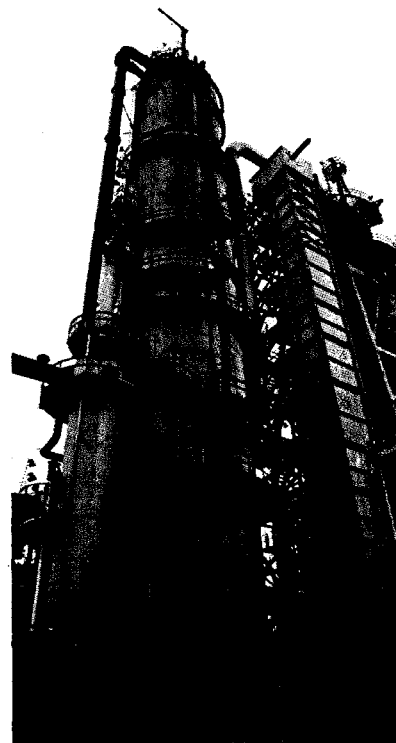
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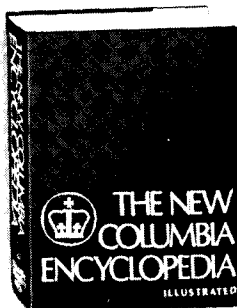

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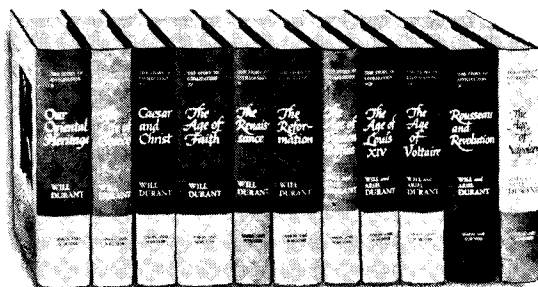
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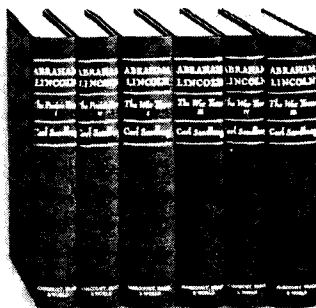
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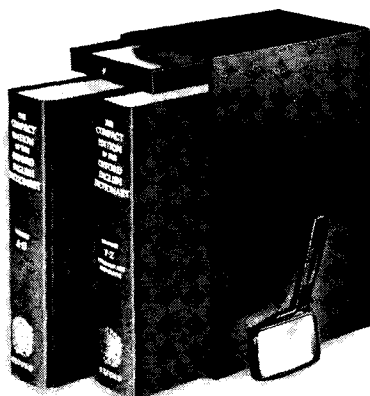
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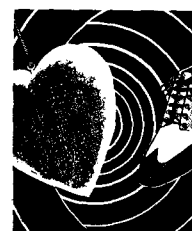
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THE DEBATE

- 210 **The Panama Treaties: Yes or No?**
Conservatives for once find themselves sharply divided on a major issue of the day. Will ratifying the treaties mean capitulating to Torrijos' bluster? Will it threaten the nation's economic interests? Will it jeopardize our national security? Will it advance Soviet interests? Will it be perceived as part of the syndrome of American retreat? Is the Canal defensible? If so, is it worth the cost of defending? Is it probable that we will have to defend it? Will Torrijos keep his word? If not, will we have the resolve to make him keep it? Will he be around? Will his successors honor his obligations?

In a special two-hour edition of *Firing Line*, Ronald Reagan and William F. Buckley Jr. last month debated these questions and more before a large audience at the University of South Carolina. We here present, in the order in which they were given, the opening statements and final rebuttals of the two debaters, regretfully omitting questions posed by both men, and by their seconds and experts (for the resolution, James Burnham, George Will, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, and Admiral Elmo Zumwalt; against, Patrick Buchanan, Professor Roger Fontaine, and Admiral John McCain). Omitted also are the genial remarks of the moderator, Senator Sam Ervin.

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M. J. Sobran Jr.

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Cover and inside photos by Tom Gillespie and Terry Parke



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Surviving in a complex world•The slot machine theory•Strengths, frailties, and shared water

As one of the world's largest industrial organizations, we know we can retain our franchise to do business around the world only as long as the job we do is effective, useful, and important in serving people's needs. And only as long as people realize this.

We have to be sensitively concerned with society's problems and hopes, even if only in our own self-interest, because we are intricately involved in the complexities of this increasingly complex world. And we learned a long time ago that the success of a company depends in part on factors that don't appear in the balance sheet.

We believe the United States has entered a period in which people will increasingly want to know more about a corporation than just the quality of its products and services. We believe that more and more people are going to want to know something of the value patterns and basic convictions of the individuals who run a corporation, the individuals who in many ways set the tone for the entire company and who inevitably exert an impact on society.

Which is to say that what people think of a company has a lot to do with whether or not it makes money, or indeed even survives. A company such as ours certainly cannot plead that it exists solely to sell goods and services and to earn a profit. No such company can any longer take for granted even the right to be in business, because that right could be withdrawn any time such action seemed desirable to enough people.

In the words of a former chairman of Mobil, "No business is truly safe unless it serves its customers better than they could serve themselves, persuades them that it is doing so, and retains their goodwill in the process. One can't be too sure how long corporations would retain their present opportunities to operate at a profit if making money were their sole contribution to society."

Mobil tries to be a good employer, a good supplier, a good customer, a good investment, and a socially conscious organization. We try also to be responsive to the aspirations and legitimate needs of minorities and others of the disadvantaged, to environmental problems, and to a host of other concerns. And we would not argue that this is undiluted altruism.

Clearly, however, a corporation labors under

severe handicaps in trying to establish itself as a good citizen. The criteria are frequently hazy and subject to sharp differences of opinion among contending groups. There are, and probably always will be, those who find something sinister in the very existence of a large corporation—particularly, we suppose, a large oil company.

Many people view the modern corporation as a glorified slot machine created and operated by glassy-eyed, flint-hearted bankers, lawyers, and technocrats. All this quite naturally plays into the hands of political demagogues, who realize that relatively few of the general public have the information necessary to make value judgments where complex issues of economics and technology are involved.

Since many politicians' concept of infinity extends only to the next election, it is probably unrealistic to expect them to behave otherwise. But this compounds the problems of more-responsible politicians and of businesses that are laboring to persuade the public by concrete example that they are fair, conscientious, public-spirited, and socially desirable.

This is not to argue that all businesses—or any of them, for that matter—are perfect. Far from it. But the individuals who run businesses did not resign from the human race when they became corporate managers. And the individuals who devote themselves in such large measure to denouncing our industrial civilization do not thereby acquire halos. We all have our frailties.

Having said that, we have to add that we are mystified that so many of our critics can forget that we have to breathe the same air they breathe, drink the same water they drink, live in the same towns and cities they live in, enjoy the same beaches they enjoy, and exist in the same society in which they exist. How could we possibly be oblivious to the quality of life or to the aspirations of an upwardly mobile society?

We think the public is ill-served by a situation in which private business and its critics find themselves in a running battle of charge and counter-charge. In our view, our country needs and is entitled to a calmer, more constructive dialogue to delineate more sharply the most productive relationship between business and society. That way, we believe, lies the best hope for the future.

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Letters

C+

Judging from your two round-up pieces, "A Year of Jimmy Carter at Home" and "Jimmy Carter Meets the World" [by Yale Brozen and James Burnham, respectively; Feb. 3], one would have to give Jimmy roughly a C+, rather than the D— or so I had tentatively assigned him.

For the most part I found the two pieces usefully detailed and convincing. I do have two quibbles, though. First, Mr. Brozen says, "The Administration should also be praised, in my opinion, . . . for its veto of the breeder reactor program . . ." In my opinion—based largely on previous *NR* articles, I might add—it should *not* be praised for this.

Second, I remain dubious, not about Mr. Burnham's assessment of the *effects* of Carter's foreign actions, but about his apparent assurance that they proceeded from planning and not luck. Several of the things he cites could easily bear a different interpretation. 1) Did Carter really think through the consequences for the dissidents, or did he just blurt out his support of Sakharov? Anyway, there hasn't been so much human-rights talk for several months now. 2) The Carter Administration's low profile in the Middle East may have turned out to be a good thing, but that does not preclude the possibility that the Administration was caught flatfooted by the Sadat move, and that its behavior for the first few days really was what it looked like: floundering. 3) We may have had something to do with the Soviets' ill fortune in Ethiopia, but couldn't it also be that the Soviets themselves made a huge mistake in thinking you can back two horses in a two-horse race?

So, I'll stick with C+ for the moment. Of course, if time gives Mr. Burnham proof, I'll have to take a D myself for prophecy and raise Carter's grade accordingly.

Belmont, Mass.

GERVASE THOMSON

Marx & Co.

Thomas Molnar cogently analyzes the exiguous contributions of Marxist thought in this century ["The Failure of Marxist Scholarship," Dec. 9]. It is no surprise that such a Procrustean ideology has not produced a single first-rate thinker; Marx's methodology, dialectical materialism, leads to Orwellian doublethink, and his extreme positivism precludes moral and metaphysical discourse. And when Marxism impinges upon the natural sciences, they often suffer deleterious effects. Remember Lysenko? Marxism does not need original

thinkers; it needs sycophants who will spread Marx's prophecy.

But as Mr. Molnar points out, Marxism does not pervade the scholarship of the West; the collectivist and positivist doctrines do, and to the extent that they are not as easily refutable as Marxism, they present a greater danger than Marxism to the Western tradition of individual freedom and the belief in a transcendent being. We must be wary of all deterministic doctrines, for they would have man become a clay to be molded by the social engineers. As Eric Voegelin said, do not let them immanentize the eschaton.

Seattle, Wash.

GORDON HANSON

The Punks

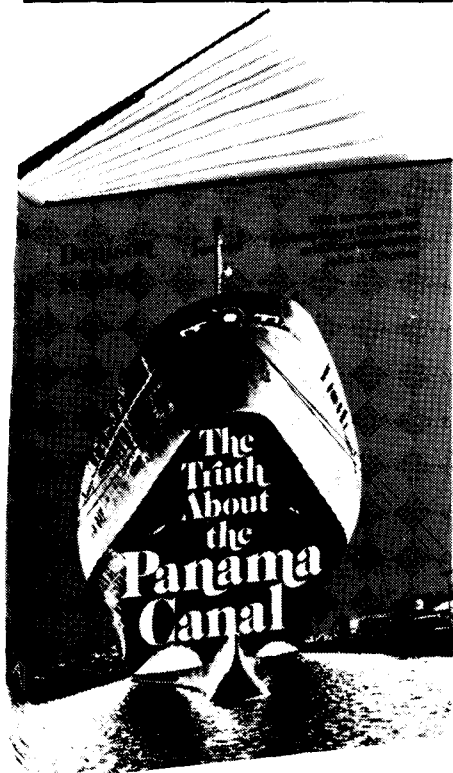
Edward Meadows, in his piece "Pistol-Whipped" [Nov. 11], says the New Wave "punk-rockers" are a reaction to "the empty promises of the welfare state." Sure, English punks sense that their society does not function smoothly and that their government does not inspire the least confidence. However, to conclude from such data that the "New Wave is, at base, a right-wing political protest" is, I submit, like labeling Andreas Baader a "right-wing protestor" because he represented a reaction to the ills of Social Democracy.

Mr. Meadows seems to find drollery in his speculation that Gloria Steinem would be appalled by the New Wave's "chauvinistic" attitude toward women. Yes, isn't it amusing that mock rape scenes on stage and references to women by the scatological slang for their genitalia would offend those hypersensitive women's lib types? Shall we infer that Phyllis Schlafly would be less offended?

No, Mr. Meadows fails to make a useful comment on either punk rock or those flaws of socialist Britain which permitted such a phenomenon to emerge. The New Wave, he might have written, represents the childish and empty frustration of indulged adolescents whose appreciation for Western society is limited to the relative ease with which thought-deadening hallucinogens may be procured. An admiration for "being vacant," Mr. Meadows might have mentioned, and a contempt for any values even loosely associated with civilized society are the outstanding characteristics of this "healthy development."

New York, N.Y. PETER JOSEPH TRAVERS

It was good to hear something not putting punk rock down, as most magazines and newspapers do. However, like most, you also had some discrepancies. First of all, most bands have as much hatred for the



“This is the perfect volume for people who want to thoroughly understand all the intricacies of the Panama Canal problem. The book is easy to read and it’s easy to understand.”
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—Representative John J. Rhodes

What we don't know about the Panama Canal treaty —and must know

The Panama Canal: “We bought it, we paid for it, and it’s ours, just like Alaska!” “It’s the last vestige of American imperialism. We stole it from Panama. We should give it back!” “It’s essential to our national defense.” “It’s no longer important to our security.”

For years the debate about this vital waterway has simmered. Now it is raging. With no fanfare, four U.S. presidents have worked to turn the Canal and the Canal Zone over to Panama, even though a big majority of Americans say, “Hang on to it!” Last September President Carter asked the Senate to ratify two treaties that would end American control of the Canal. What followed was a debate, not yet over, that went to the root question: Is America in retreat, even in its own hemisphere?

In this fascinating book, painstakingly researched, attorney Denison Kitchel explores the *whole* question. The Canal issue is complex. Mr. Kitchel clears it all up, generating light where we have had mostly heat. With scrupulous fairness he traces the history of American involvement, the building of the Canal, and the diplomatic and political developments that brought us where we are today—including, of course, the full story of the original 1903 treaty.

The author then evaluates the legal, defense, foreign policy, and economic issues. Can we afford to loosen our control? Can we afford *not* to? Would turning the Canal over to Panama mean a giveaway to the Communists? What would the end of U.S. control mean for our economy? For our national defense? Are the Panamanians

capable of operating the Canal? Would the Canal remain neutral after the U.S. pulled out? Can we trust Panamanian leftist Torrijos—and those who are likely to succeed him? Can we protect our interests in the Isthmus without undermining our relations throughout Latin America?

This careful consideration of the issues leads into what is perhaps the first generally available objective analysis of the proposed new treaties. Mr. Kitchel cuts through the rhetorical fog and diplomatic doubletalk to provide a detailed, easy-to-understand presentation of the facts—what the treaties *really* say, and what their ratification would bring.

No American can make an informed judgment without the information in this book. And no American who cares about our country’s future can afford to ignore Denison Kitchel’s shrewd program for resolving the Panama Canal dilemma.

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- Why our Navy needs the Canal more than ever before
- The Castro-Torrijos connection
- What the U.S. would give up under the proposed treaties
- The Soviet threat to the Canal
- “Economic benefits”: what Torrijos is charging us to give him the Canal
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- Is the Canal really obsolete?
- Our “rights” under the proposed treaties
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National Front as for the Communists. The bands tend to be anarchists. Also, the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen" is only banned from the radio airwaves. Record stores in England can sell it. That's how it's on the top of the charts. The Sex Pistols' album, *Never Mind the Bollocks*, is another story. That one can't be sold in stores because of the name and some ancient obscenity law.

The statement, "It's now likely that New Wave will sweep America" is incorrect. Punk rock is sweeping the nation. New York, L.A., and San Francisco are

all hotbeds of New Wave music. Clubs in other cities are opening. The New Wave has hit, and the people are riding it.

Meadows was also wrong about Mick Jagger. He is no punk's hero. He is a sellout, living on the French Riviera with his Nicaraguan wife. He is rich, and gets in *Woman's Wear Daily*.

San Francisco, Calif. MARY MCILROY

Mayflower II?

Re your comments deploring the influx of illegal Mexicans ["The Week," Sept. 30, and "On the Right," Nov. 25], let me say

a few words in their behalf. Since it requires guts and gumption to leave one's country, risk an illegal crossing, and survive in a linguistically alien society, the process is selective for intelligence and other positive characteristics and is comparable to that which shaped the influx to America from poverty-blighted European lands a century ago. Like the Mexicans, these immigrants were regarded as pestilential because they were willing to do back-breaking, low-paid work that was socially necessary.

The Coleman Report, the most extensive study of minority children ever attempted, showed that Mexican first-graders in the U.S. scored an average of 50.1 on the non-verbal portions of the mental test as against 43.4 for Negroes and an overall national mean of 50. Here in southern Florida, the Cubans, another highly motivated and family-oriented minority, are often regarded with envy and fear. In Dade County, according to *Reader's Digest* for October 1977, blacks made up 15 per cent of the population and account for 75 per cent of violent juvenile crime. Cubans account for a third of the population, but for only 15 per cent of such crime. Immigrants who risk security to enjoy the blessings of free societies often embody those characteristics which free societies should welcome.

Boca Raton, Fla. NATHANIEL WEYL

Although I am a NATIONAL REVIEW reader, I should like you to know that I approve a National Identification Card—and have always done so!

Levittown, N.Y. MRS. JOHN W. SARNELLI

Could Russia Survive?

In his article "Could Russia Survive a Nuclear Attack?" [Nov. 25] Mr. Ellsworth Raymond argues that the Soviet Union is extremely vulnerable to a U.S. nuclear attack.

As my studies of the Soviet Civil Defense Program show, the USSR has the capability to evacuate and disperse its urban population within 72 hours, and could provide the evacuated population with fallout protection in about the same amount of time. Furthermore, in Soviet cities at present there are sufficient blast shelters, hardened to 40 to 150 psi blast over-pressure, for about 50 per cent of the urban population, with much harder ones for the Party and governmental elite.

As to the vulnerability of Soviet industry: First, a portion of the Soviet defense industry is either entirely or partly underground and highly hardened against attack. Second, the Soviets tend to build new plants in small towns or in new locations. Thus, following a Soviet first counterforce strike on the U.S. (which is prescribed in Soviet strategic doctrine and war plans), the number of surviving U.S.



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warheads may be insufficient to destroy an increasingly scattered Soviet industrial system. Third, the Soviets have a program of duplicating power sources and substituting production facilities, not counting their ability to use the economies of Eastern Europe and captured industries in Western Europe.

There is a growing possibility that the Soviet leadership may act on the basis of its belief in the ability of the Soviet Union to survive a war and, as Brezhnev has put it, "win a victory worthy of the Soviet people."

Coral Gables, Fla. LEON GOURE
Director of Soviet Studies
University of Miami

Confusion

In his September 30 "Lawmakers" column, M. Stanton Evans used DOA as an abbreviation for the Department of Agriculture. That confused me, despite the clear designation of that abbreviation in the article's first paragraph. Even in my short life I have seen too many meat and poultry products stamped "USDA Approved" to understand the necessity of a change now. Does Mr. Evans' commendable distrust of government include a reluctance even to use the government's

own abbreviations? Besides, DOA means "dead on arrival."

New York, N.Y. BRUCE L. HOLDER

Randomly

What precisely does the Phantom Random Noter mean by calling dance the art form of the "intellectually underprivileged" [Oct. 8]? Is he trying to tell us that dancers are stupid? Or that only stupid people watch them? As a former ballet dancer with an IQ considerably above average and a college degree (Reed '73), I object!

Or, is he trying to tell us that dance is non-intellectual because it is non-verbal? A turn of phrase which relegates music and painting to the same category of stunted imbecility. Anyway, not everything is verbally communicable. If a kiss did not mean more than "I love you," we would all be content merely to write poems to our spouses. I assure you, words do not adequately convey my displeasure at this enigmatic insult!

Seattle, Wash. KERR WISSLER-LOW

I look forward with every issue of *NR* to reading "Random Notes." This mini-department is far more informative with respect to forthcoming publications than

is, say, *The New York Times Book Review*.

In your November 11 issue, however you reveal that "A former Secretary General of the UN, Mr. U Thant, has completed his memoirs . . ."

Now unless you know something I don't, the former Secretary General passed away over two years ago . . .

Alexandria, Va. STEPHEN SANGER

Defensible Borders

You state ["The Week," July 8]: "Shortly after his inauguration as President, Jimmy Carter boldly set forth a clear-cut program for settlement of the Mideast problem. Essentially it was the program endorsed years ago by the United Nations: recognition of Israel's right to exist; Israeli withdrawal to approximately the 1967 borders; a homeland for the Palestinian Arabs . . ."

You are, of course, referring to Security Council Resolution 242, of November 22, 1967, but you must know, as well as I, that this resolution most emphatically does *not* require Israel to withdraw "to approximately the 1967 borders." In fact, an Arab attempt to word the resolution so as to suggest such a withdrawal was twice defeated. And you must also know that the resolution contains not one word about "a homeland for the Palestinian Arabs." The only reference to them is the statement calling for "a just settlement of the refugee problem," a request which would necessarily include the 800,000 Jewish refugees from Arab lands. Incidentally, the so-called Palestinian Arabs already have a homeland—the state of Jordan, which was established by the British from 77 per cent of the original Palestine Mandate territory that was set aside by the League of Nations to become a national homeland for the Jewish people.

Concerning the present situation, the essential point is that while Israel has always accepted Resolution 242—and still does—the Arabs have sought continuously to misrepresent it or obstruct its implementation. The one overriding truth about the Middle East situation for the last three decades has been the categorical refusal of the Arabs to recognize and live in peace with the sovereign state of Israel.

Van Nuys, Calif. SOL MODELL

Mr. Modell is correct as to the reference to "refugees" in Resolution 242. As to the borders, however, the Resolution reads: "The Security Council . . . affirms that the fulfillment of Charter principles requires the establishment of just and lasting peace in the Middle East, which should include the application of both the following principles: 1) Withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from territories occupied in the recent conflict; . . ."

—LB

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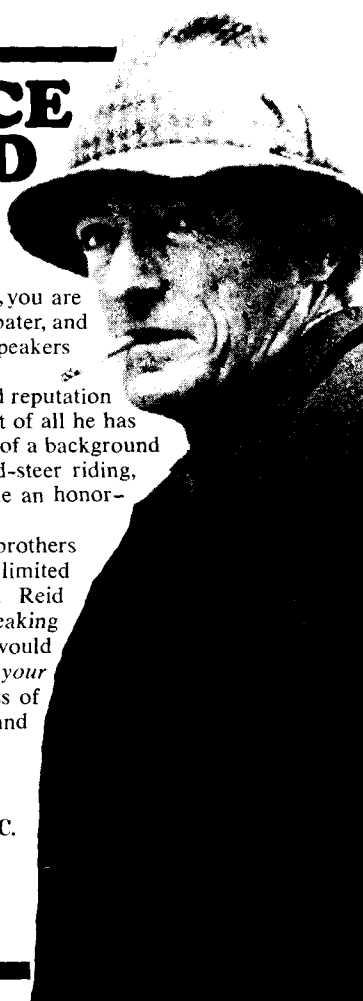
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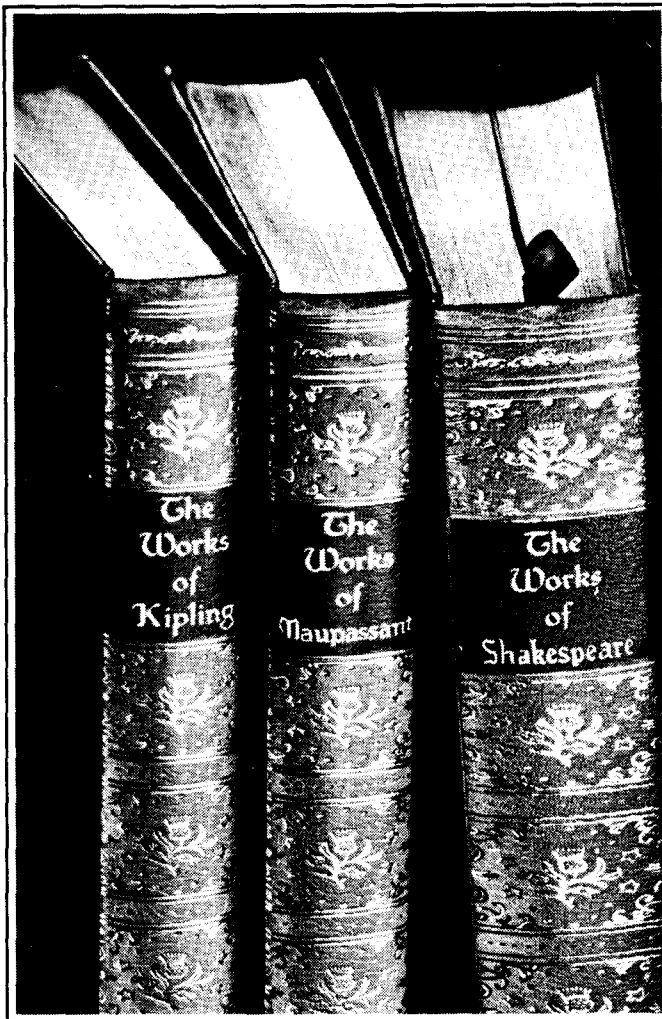
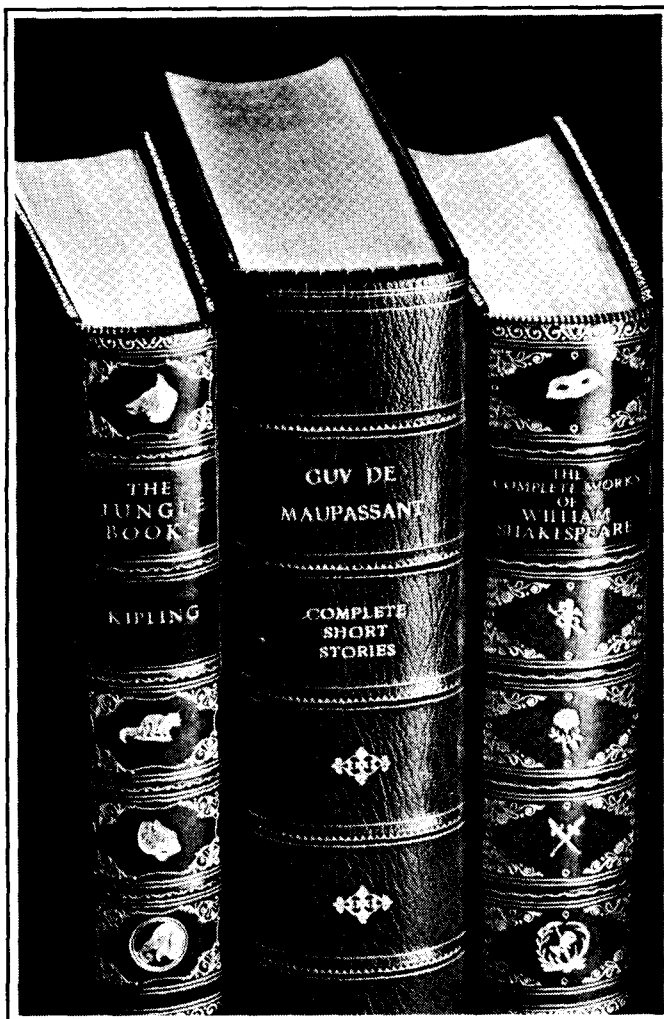
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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Carter budget** has few friends on Capitol Hill. Minority Leader **Rhodes** says Carter's projected \$61-billion deficit could easily balloon to \$99 billion or more. Rhodes promises that the GOP alternative to Carter's "fiscal time bomb" will be unveiled shortly. Senator **George McGovern** termed the budget "a weak response" to needs of cities, farmers, and jobless. Instead of a \$25-billion tax cut, McGovern wants to use that money to make a "public investment" of \$12 billion in the cities, \$7 billion in agriculture, and \$6 billion to upgrade the nation's railroads. . . . A staff study by the congressional Joint Economic Committee says Carter's proposed **tax cut** is appropriate only if supplemented by other policies, such as an additional \$7.5 billion in federal outlays and an "immediate and continuing rise in the rate of monetary growth." . . . **Organized labor** is so distressed, saying the budget is long on relief for business and short on social programs, that it may precipitate a split with Carter. The break could come at February 20 meeting of the AFL-CIO executive council to be held in Miami. "There is something that can be done, as George McGovern learned in 1972," one labor official confidently told a reporter from *Business Week*.

■ The Pennsylvania story is the firing of **David Marston**. *Philadelphia Inquirer* published a special twenty-page section on "the Marston affair." Philadelphia lawyer **Henry T. Reath**, who raised money for Carter in '76, says a case can be made for **impeachment proceedings** against Attorney General **Bell**. Reath says Bell promised, during his Senate Judiciary Committee confirmation hearings, to give the "most careful consideration" to retention of U.S. attorneys on a merit basis—without revealing that he had already made a



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deal with Judiciary Committee Chairman **James Eastland** to go along with patronage appointments. . . . Republicans in Minnesota are wondering if the state is heading toward a monarchy. When **Muriel Humphrey** accepted appointment to her husband's seat, she joined **Wendell Anderson**, who stepped down as governor last year to accept appointment by **Rudy Perpich**, who moved up to governor, to the vacancy created when **Mondale** quit to become Vice President. Minnesota now has two appointed senators and a non-elected governor and lieutenant governor. . . . United Farm Workers President **César Chavez** has called off the UFW boycott of table grapes, iceberg lettuce, and Gallo wines, a boycott that had been pretty ineffective for the past three years. "We're glad they told us," said a spokesman for the California growers. "Otherwise, we might not have noticed."

■ For the first time in its history, **Israel** is dispatching a foreign minister, Finance Minister **Simha Ehrlich**, on an official visit to **Pretoria**. The announced purpose of the trip is for Ehrlich to take part in the first meeting of a South African-Israeli economic committee, which was formed in 1976. . . . Angolan President **Agostinho Neto** has closed down the country's Catholic radio station and nationalized its assets. Neto's Marxist government now says it has a "monopoly of information." . . . The USSR is now **Marlboro country**. Starting this month, Marlboro became the second American consumer product to go on sale in the USSR—**Pepsi-Cola** was the first—for \$1.42 a pack. Philip Morris sees a potential market for 380 billion cigarettes a year—plus an absence of **Joseph Califanos**.

■ On the Right: **Jim Baker**, **Gerald Ford's** campaign manager in 1976, is running for **Texas attorney general** and has hired former YAF national executive director **Frank Donatelli** to run his campaign. . . . The **National Conservative Political Action Committee** is hosting a Campaign College at which candidates and campaign staff will be briefed on everything from precinct organization to campaign laws. Dates: March 1 to 4. Place: Sheraton National Motor Hotel, Arlington, Virginia. For further information write NCPAC (1500 Wilson Boulevard, Suite 513, Arlington, Virginia 22209).

■ Addressing his people on the anniversary of his seventh year in power, **Idi Amin** proclaimed 1978 to be a year of peace, love, unity, and reconciliation. Turning to the question of violations of human rights, the General denied that there ever were any such violations. "How many people have you seen dead here today?"

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THE WEEK

■ **NO OFFENSE DEPT.:** Despite a few scare headlines, the Soviet satellite that plunged down into the Northwest Territory didn't harm a soul—not even the two Americans who, encountering it, reportedly by chance, during a trek into those frigid parts, walked right up and touched it. But say . . . How fortunate it was a Russian and not an American satellite: otherwise we'd have faced a hysterical united front, embracing everyone from the Sierra Club to the Symbionese Liberation Army, denouncing the rapacious space program for imperiling the grizzly and the caribou. And thank God it wasn't a *Chilean* satellite.

■ Last June Mr. Carter decided the Forrestal Building in Washington would make a nice headquarters for his new pet \$10-billion Energy Department, so he ordered the five thousand Defense Department employees using the building to vacate by October 1. As it happens, the building offers fashionable offices and ample parking space, both high-priority government goodies. The DoD people promptly entrenched, and repeated DoE assaults have not yet driven them from the building. Besides, Congress appropriated only \$17 million for the move, and that will hardly even pay for the remodeling needed by the DoE.

■ The decision reportedly taken by President Carter to create a new Cabinet post, Secretary of Education, has nothing whatever to do with greater efficiency or better management, or even much to do with education. It has everything to do with the powerful National Education Association. The NEA considers that the new agency, to be prescinded from HEW and given Cabinet status, would be its very special baby. That, in turn, would mean, thinks the NEA, that more federal dollars would flow in directions desired by the NEA—to elementary and secondary schools and to junior colleges. This increased cash flow, of course, would be at the expense of other claimants on the federal treasury, or else would mean greater demands on the taxpayer—and the evidence does not suggest that it would increase the quality of education at all. This entire struggle is not really about education, but about power and status.

■ The effort—less a campaign than a circus—to fill the House seat vacated by Ed Koch began with the nomination battle in the Democratic Committee between Bella Abzug and Carter Burden (who, although more presentable than she, is politically not much more digestible). Before Bella was finally chosen, there had

been counts and recounts, the discovery that one of the Democratic committeemen who voted for her could not legally be a committeeman since he was a registered Liberal, two weeks of court challenges, and a reconciliation with Burden, followed by Burden's mentioning that if Abzug wins this interim election, he might challenge her later, in the primary leading to the November election. Then, before the dust had settled, maverick Representative Pete McCloskey (R., Calif.) came to town. He said he agrees with Abzug on "most" issues, but he feels that, with her abrasive style, she could single-handedly offend enough congressmen to cost New York City its loan guarantees. Finally, Vice President Mondale brought Bella a message of support from President Carter, stating enigmatically that "she has been a spokeswoman for human rights domestically and abroad." The election will be on Valentine's Day. Love and kisses.

■ Ten years ago, the annual property tax on the average single-family house in California was \$362; today, it is \$811. Recently, a retired businessman named Howard Jarvis took advantage of the initiative provision of the California State Constitution to collect the signatures of 1,264,000 Californians and put a proposition on the ballot which, if translated into law, would limit the tax on any piece of property to 1 per cent of its market value. This proposition will be presented to the voters on June 6, and it is creating a dreadful furor among state politicians. What particularly bothers them is the idea that they might have to set stringent budgetary priorities. It may be that the initiative is overly simplistic, but it is certain that the resentment it expresses is very real, and by no means restricted to California. The property tax issue is expected to be big this year in Colorado, Michigan, and Iowa, among a probable total of 15 to twenty states. The GOP leader in the California Assembly told the *L.A. Times* recently: "Whenever I tell an audience that local government will come to a halt, all I see is smiling faces." Usually it costs \$500,000 to get a proposition on the ballot in California, but Jarvis put his over with \$28,000. "Does that tell you something?" he asked.

■ **Welfare Notes:** According to the latest HEW figures, 35 per cent of the 3.4 million families on welfare in 1975 had been on welfare five years or longer. Of those, 71,326 has been on welfare twenty years or longer—i.e., for at least one full generation. . . . HEW Secretary Joseph Califano reports that \$440 million was "misspent" in the first half of 1977 in Aid to Families with Dependent Children. This represents an error rate of 8.6 per cent in this program alone, including both payments to those who are not eligible and overpayments to those who are. . . . New York City's Comptroller, Harrison J. Goldin, has found that the Human Resources Administration pays out over a quarter-million dollars a year in welfare checks mailed out to

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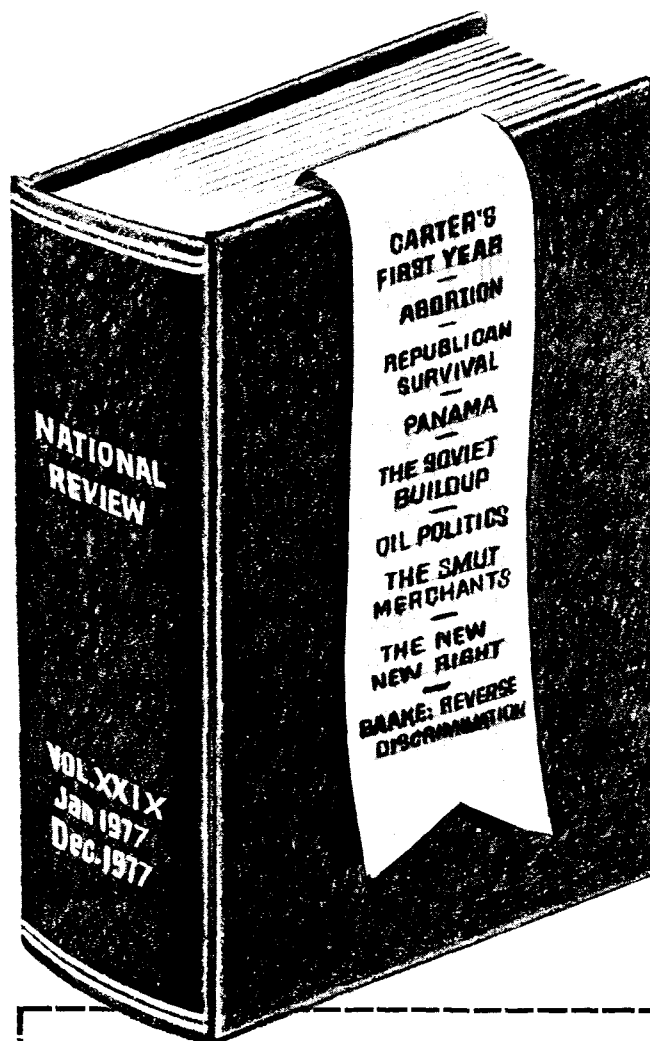
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

For the past several weeks here, there have been any number of curious things to talk about, among them the New Right, Carter's whopping budget, his skimpy State of the Union Address, the New New Right, Marston, energy, Soviet satellites falling out of the sky, the New New New Right. All these things have remained secondary, however, the primary subject of conversation being the firing of George Allen, until recently the head coach of the Washington Redskins. And like all subjects of Washington conversation, Allen's firing is being discussed in political terms.

Allen, many Republicans believe, is yet another victim of Watergate, hounded out of town, like Richard Nixon, by an ideologically hostile press. And Washington's politicized sports reporters, who want to be taken just as seriously as Woodstein, do not deny the charges. In fact one of them, *Washington Star's* David Israel, who feels about George Allen the way Dan Rather used to feel about Richard Nixon, insists on threading his anti-Allen diatribes together with the Watergate metaphor. "Farewell to the arrogance of football power," wrote Israel upon the occasion of the firing. "So much for the imperial coaching position."

It makes you want to weep, having the political equation introduced even into pro football, the last refuge of us sedentary male chauvinists. But there is no other way to explain the intense dislike the Washington sporting press has felt for Allen from the beginning. He came to Washington during the year of Cambodia's spring, took over the dreadful team that even Vince Lombardi couldn't straighten out, taught them a

new brand of neo-conservative defensive football, and in the year of the Nixon landslide took the Redskins to the Super Bowl, where they played a credible if losing game. And for a time, roughly corresponding to the last two years of the Nixon Administration, Washington went Redskin happy. It was, briefly, a genuine romance. But it began to fade at about the same time Richard Nixon left for San Clemente.

In a way, Allen's problem in Washington was always Richard Nixon. Allen had coached at Whittier, Nixon's alma mater. Nixon was his favorite President; and Nixon made no bones about George Allen being his favorite football coach. There was that famous moment when Nixon sent Allen a secret play to use in the Super Bowl, something which whipped the press into a frenzy of contempt nearly as intense as the time they discovered that Nixon liked to watch *Patton*. And one of Allen's prized possessions was a photograph signed by Richard Nixon, which hung on his office wall to the end.

Like Nixon, Allen was an introspective and frequently quirky man, incapable of small talk. When asked how he had celebrated an important victory, he told the press that he had gone home to feast on a dish of rice pudding with raisins. Somehow, you could picture Nixon doing the same thing. And like Nixon, he didn't care for the Washington press corps, which he believed accentuated the negative, thus undermining support for his team.

It's no doubt difficult for an out-of-towner to understand all of this. Allen is routinely accused in the Washington sports pages of arrogance, lying, and bigotry. Yet there is no evidence whatsoever for any of these charges, and in the end it seems to boil down to the

inescapable Nixon identification. As Israel puts it, "George Allen is the football version of the Trickster from Whittier."

A shame, isn't it, when even our sports pages are politicized? About all we've got left is the weather report. And no doubt, with the way the winter is unfolding, they'll soon be blaming Nixon for that, too.

■ One of the most important pronouncements of the year comes from Senator Herman Talmadge, who has told the press: "I do not anticipate any action in the 95th Congress on National Health Insurance. . . . If National Health Insurance were financed from general revenues, it would guarantee an enormous federal deficit in each and every year." The significance of Talmadge's statement cannot be exaggerated. As chairman of the Finance Committee's subcommittee on health, and as a close ally of Senator Russell Long on all matters relating to federal health programs, Talmadge exercises what amounts to a veto over any White House health proposals. More than anything else, it was Talmadge's opposition to the Administration's hospital cost-cap proposals that doomed them during the last session. And if Talmadge opposes Carter's national health proposals, they will suffer a similar fate.

■ On the subject of deficits, Senator Jesse Helms reminds us that the national debt now totals \$697,094,408,-293.02. . . . Barry Goldwater, in the meantime, has the perfect solution to the Social Security problem. Says Goldwater: "We'd be better off if we pledged to return the money everyone has paid in and then forget it."

—CATO

people serving jail sentences, and that the mothers of incarcerated minors often continue to collect money for their support under Aid to Families with Dependent Children.

■ Federal Judge Arthur Garrity is trying to do to offshore oil exploration what he did for Boston's neighborhood schools. Already famous for his yeoman efforts to enforce interracial busing, Judge Garrity recently blocked the sale of oil and gas exploration leases for the Georges Bank off Cape Cod that had been cleared by all relevant and dozens of irrelevant government and state agencies. Garrity chided Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus for not providing adequate environmental

safeguards, even though the Interior Department had assured the judge that such safeguards would be required when the sales of leases allowed exploration to begin. As usual, the biggest losers are lower-income consumers. They will now have to wait even longer for relief from high East Coast fuel prices—relief that even a modest energy discovery could bring. That's one environmental problem that Judge Garrity evidently chose to overlook.

■ Your Government at Work, I: The Federal Government has drawn up specifications on how to build a mousetrap. The specs weigh 3.3 pounds, cover 700 pages, and run to 20,000 words.

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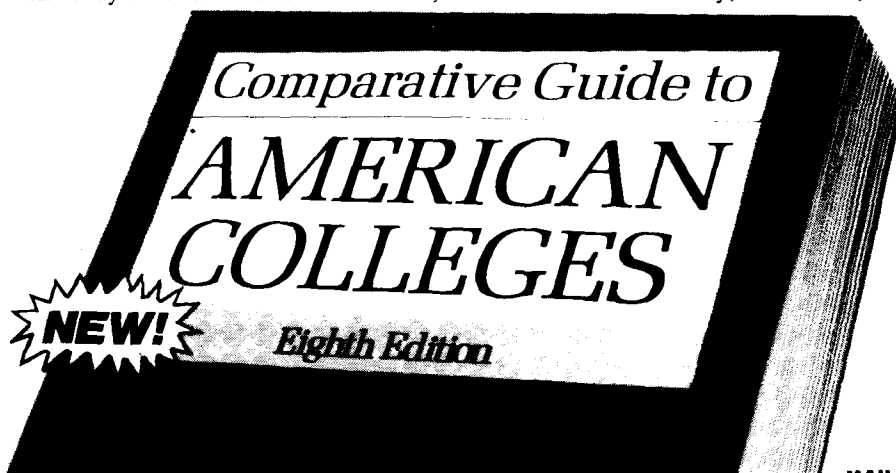
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■ When Frelimo, the anti-Portuguese guerrilla force in Mozambique, turned Marxist, it lost one of its founders, Dr. Domingo Arouca, who is now leader-in-exile of the opposition Fumo. Speaking with Western reporters, Arouca detailed the effect “scientific socialism” (which he calls “fascism”) has had on Mozambique. There is no longer any system of public transportation; medical care has decreased to such a point that death in childbirth is as common as it was at the turn of the century. “Political change in Mozambique,” he said, “is not a matter of ‘if’ but of ‘when.’ The people are fighting against the constant demonstrations of tyranny.” Although he deplores apartheid, he has no doubt that the people of Mozambique would prefer to live in South Africa: “The blacks of South Africa have the highest standard of living in the whole of Africa. Not one of them would be willing to change his life for the one he would have in Mozambique.” Asked about Steven Biko, Arouca replied: “At least one hears about Biko’s death, whereas the public executions made by Frelimo in the stadium of Quelimane are not even heard of. . . . Nobody talks about the executions that take place in the former seedlings nursery of the town of Maputo, or of all those who are tortured and shot in the middle of the back.”

■ The Soviet Union has long since abolished the perennial boom-and-slump cycles that afflict the capitalist countries, by the simple expedient of eliminating booms. Since 1976 was a poor year, even by modest Soviet standards, 1978 goals were reduced. The 1977 figures, alas, show that these will not be met either: according to David Shipler of the *New York Times*, “Statistics for 1977 performance . . . show serious deficiencies and growth rates insufficient to bring the output of coal, steel, fertilizer, synthetic fiber, some farm machinery, cement, and meat to the levels foreseen for the end of the 1976-1980 Five-Year Plan.” The Workers’ Paradise is now importing grain from India, which didn’t use to be thought of as a source of sustenance for other countries’ starving masses.

■ Your Government at Work, II: There are now 164 federal regulatory agencies with jurisdiction over hospitals, of which 25 review admittance procedures, 31 regulate patient safety, and 33 regulate patients’ rights. It costs hospitals \$35 per patient to comply with the paperwork.

■ Let Big Sister do it: Eleanor Holmes Norton, head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, is impatient with the way things have been going at her agency (it has a backlog of more than 130,000 complaints to investigate). So, rather than waiting for individuals to file specific complaints, the EEOC itself plans to monitor the hiring and promotion practices of the nation’s largest businesses in order to bring class action suits where they appear to be “most needed.” At the time the plan was announced, the criteria for selecting

companies for action had not yet been formulated. Nevertheless, Mrs. Norton expected to find companies engaging in plenty of “systematic patterns and practices” that are discriminatory. As she put it, “It is very difficult for a firm that did not start hiring yesterday, literally yesterday, not to be in violation.”

■ Your Government at Work, III: Federal officials have negotiated an agreement with state officials on how to kill blackbirds in Kentucky and Tennessee.

■ Another sticky question disposed of. The Supreme Court has carefully ruled that nude dancing is constitutional, under the Artistic Merit clause of the First Amendment, but that the states have a constitutional right to deny liquor licenses to establishments that feature such entertainment, there being no intrinsic right to booze it up at what the court termed “Bacchanalian revelries.”

■ The city of Brussels, Belgium has passed a law making it a crime punishable by a fine and a week in jail to show mercy to a caterpillar.

Now the Senate’s Turn

In this issue we are carrying the full text of the opening remarks and rebuttals delivered by Ronald Reagan and William F. Buckley Jr. in their January 13 television debate. Perhaps that encounter could be termed more accurately a dialogue than a debate. The protagonists, true, come to opposite conclusions about the proper action for the Senate to take on the two Canal treaties, but they speak as friends and allies with a common framework of conservative principle and feeling. We believe that their statements, taken together as we present them, are, for their length, as thorough a review of the multiple layers of the treaty issue as we have come across.

Last autumn the odds pointed toward a Senate rejection of the treaties. With floor debate about to begin, we judge those odds to be reversed. Our present bet would be on ratification by a small margin. This, however, would not at all signify a flat defeat for those of us who, believing the treaties, as proposed to the Senate and the nation last autumn, to be dangerous to the national security and interest, urged their rejection. Whether or not they are in the end approved, the public, historical meaning of these treaties has been changed by the critique that has been made during the past six months. The insistence on the U.S. right to defend the Canal as the U.S. sees fit and on priority passage for U.S. warships—the two major points that have been in question—are evidently going to be given an explicit, juridically binding affirmation. Both Majority Leader Byrd and Minority Leader Baker have made this a prerequisite

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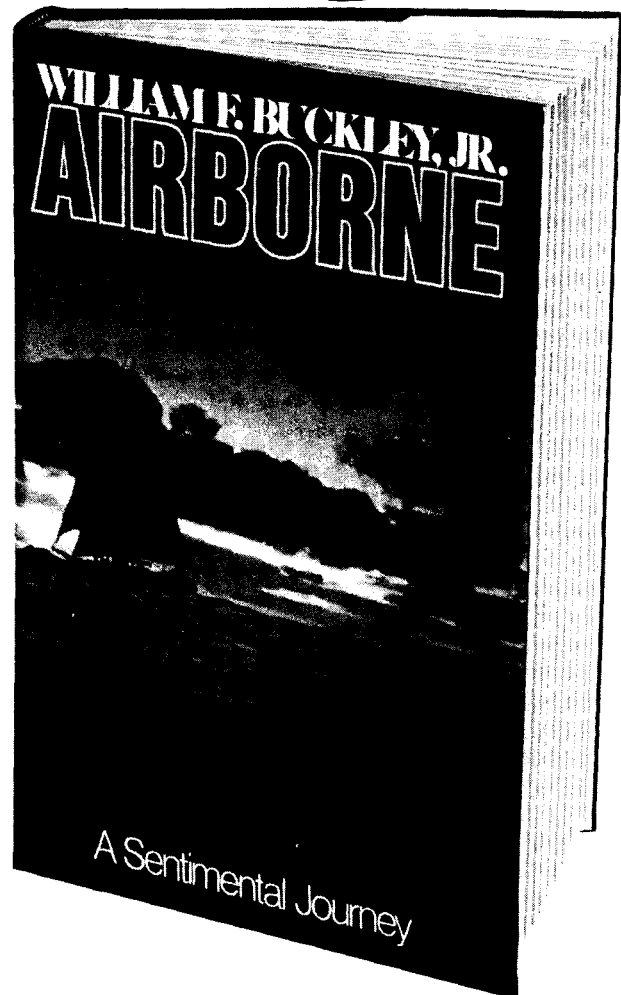
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The Road Not Taken

Republicans got goose bumps when
They heard themselves repeat, "Amen!"
To Jesse Jackson's bleak attacks
Upon the Party's lack of blacks;
Let Party Chairman Brock explore
The heady thought of adding more,
But why not also make a pass
At winning back the middle class?

W. H. VON DREELE

to an affirmative vote. The importance of forcing this addition on the Carter Administration is not so much in giving these principles verbal form—words can always be repudiated—as in having alerted the nation to the possible threats of the future and given notice at home and abroad that the Canal is off limits to brigands and brigand nations.

The critics of ratification have put Jimmy Carter, also, on notice. They have let him know that there is a very large portion of the citizens—a majority, indeed—who remain alert to any appeasing tendency in their leaders.

The President Concerto

Because of the complexity of American life, presidential candidates, mused Willmoore Kendall in "The Two Majorities," are obliged "to talk about nothing—that is (for this is always the most convenient way of talking about nothing), to talk about high (or at least high-sounding) principle." The same is true, to a degree, of Presidents—the less as they become increasingly familiar with the limitations of their office, the more as it suits (if it suits) their moral style. President Carter's last press conference offers an exemplary performance of the theme of Nothing, with variations.

The President opened with a grand passage in the key of economics. His program for 1978 would simultaneously 1) lower taxes, 2) increase Social Security, 3) create youth jobs, and 4) lower inflation. Moreover, none of these proposals could be enacted separately. "To modify one element of a balanced plan can often destroy this balance." As a sop to classicist critics, he concluded with a theme in contrary motion: "We cannot do everything for everybody. We must be willing to face difficult decisions. In developing our economic program, we have made difficult decisions."

There followed some detailed passage-work on the subject of the Soviet satellite. This was not, strictly speaking, Nothing; but scientific minutiae are to this virtuoso what sports were to Nixon—both a relaxation, and a rhetorical anchor to reality—and even here, he

managed to conclude with a resolving chord: "We would be glad to forgo the deployment of any such satellites altogether, and will pursue that option along with the Soviet Union."

The question-and-answer period maintained a contrapuntal structure—reporters, for the most part, attempting to introduce Somethings (Will you use Taft-Hartley against the coal miners? Do the Russians have killer satellites?), the President modulating back to his chosen mode. The Marston affair? "I see nothing improper in the handling of the case." Arms to Egypt? "We've been . . . for a number of years providing weapons into the Mideast, heavily to Israel, also to Saudi Arabia, to Iran, and to some degree the non-attack weapons to Egypt." Once, the ghost of Nothings past came back to haunt him: "Do you really believe that [your actions] with regard to Mr. Marston square, really square, with the commitment you made . . . to remove the Justice Department from the spoils system traditional to American politics?" To which the President replied 1) by saying that they did, and 2) by defending them, without a break in his melodic line, in the context of—the spoils system traditional to American politics.

Some minor Nothings—corrections of a fumbling Cabinet secretary, and of Nazis in Skokie (equally reprehensible, from a President's point of view); some major Nothings—a plug for the 1977 Agricultural Act, in response to a question on the farm strike; and a reprise of the opening theme—"Well, Chairman Ullman is obviously entitled to his opinion" (boo!), but "as I pointed out in my opening statement, our entire economic package is a well-balanced one" (yea!)—brought him back to the tonic and the performance to a close. As a stylist, the President is still weak—smiles come in the wrong places, the bland, asyncopated delivery, at first refreshing, now palls. But he has memorized his material; and he still has nearly three years to practice.

Salisbury and Malta —The Un-Tandem Talks

The perversity of international politics sometimes seems endemic. A year ago, Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith was excoriated in Britain and America for refusing to accept the principle of majority rule in his country of 6.3 million blacks and 270,000 whites. Today, partly because of internal economic pressures, he is negotiating with the moderate black leaders—Bishop Muzorewa, Reverend Sithole, and Chief Chirau. They are moving toward one-man/one-vote majority rule, modified by a ten-year transition during which whites would have a guaranteed minority of 28 seats in the hundred-seat parliament.

Continuing their efforts to promote their own solution,

British Foreign Secretary David Owen and American UN Ambassador Andrew Young are negotiating in Malta with Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, the leaders of the guerrilla Patriotic Front based in Zambia and Mozambique, who have only meager popular support in Rhodesia itself.

This might be promising if the two sets of talks were being conducted in tandem. Actually they are being conducted in opposition to each other, devoted to mutual frustration. The Malta talks have been pressed with an urgency fed by concern over progress in Salisbury, where Smith, in turn, hopes to upstage Malta. Andrew Young scorned the talks with the moderates, saying, "Nothing that happens in Salisbury can stop the fighting." Well, almost nothing, for, as Young also said, "If Smith surrenders tomorrow the whites in Rhodesia would get along well." Note: *Surrenders!* If this flash of Young's incisive political rhetoric reflects the premise underlying the Malta talks, there is more trouble ahead.

Smith is at fault for waiting too long to confront the inevitable with the art of the possible. But, as the retiring (or retired) imperial custodian of legitimacy, Britain might try to be helpful to the newly tractable Smith instead of scorning his promising even if belated effort at negotiation. Smith needs a surrogate to negotiate with Nkomo and Mugabe in order to arrange cessation of guerrilla raids. This, Britain (and America) might still accomplish, encouraging the guerrillas to return home and encouraging Smith to offer them an unequivocal guarantee of security with an assured role in the political process.

This would solve one of the reciprocal problems in formulating a settlement. On one hand, some provision

must be made to ensure a role for the Patriotic Front, which lacks a wide domestic political base but has the capability, from its external guerrilla bases, to destroy the security on which a settlement must depend. On the other hand, some provision must be made to ensure a role for the white minority on which the economic and administrative success of a settlement must depend.

But what do the British and Americans propose? An unconditional "surrender" of power by Smith's government to Britain, which would organize national elections under the security provided by a UN peace-keeping force. On paper this may preserve the continuity of legitimacy. However, not surprisingly, *none* of the Rhodesian parties seems attracted to it.

Perhaps it is not too late to bring the two sets of talks into tandem. One need not foreclose a role for Britain or even for the UN, but it should emerge from negotiations among the Rhodesian parties themselves. To impose a formula made in London-Washington-Malta in contravention of the desires of the black Rhodesian moderates, the guerrillas, *and* the whites is surely not the way to inaugurate an experiment in multiracial democracy in southern Africa.

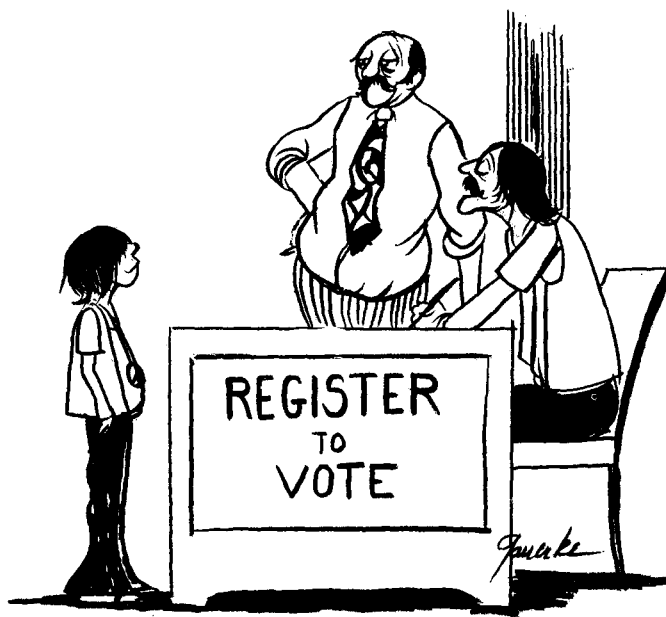
The Ideological Temptation

The ideologization of Amnesty International proceeds apace. Witness, for example, its latest adopted U.S. "prisoners of conscience," the Wilmington 10.

The Wilmington 10 are nine black men and one white woman convicted of conspiring to fire-bomb, and then fire-bombing, a grocery store in Wilmington in 1971. The case had all the trappings to make it attractive. The defendants were black (racism). The crime was committed during days of racial tension (political motivations). And after the convictions were handed down, three crucial witnesses recanted their testimony (police pressure). This last fact, we are told, is what drew Amnesty International to the case. Drew it, in fact, to list the Wilmington 10 as political prisoners right alongside those in the Gulag.

That analogy is an effrontery, of course, on the same level as comparing Larry Flynt to Andrei Sakharov for his dauntless pursuit of the right of men and women to purchase pornography at every corner newsstand. At the very least, there is a failure to make qualitative distinctions. Arson *is* a crime, not a matter of conscience. One either lights the match or one doesn't. It has nothing to do with freedom of speech. (Or is it to be classified as "symbolic," under the latest court rulings?)

Amnesty seems unmoved by the fact that the Wilmington 10 were convicted by a 12-person jury which included two blacks; that the verdict was sustained on appeal; and that hearings were held to listen to the recanting witnesses, one of whom later retracted his



"Proof of age is not only irrelevant, but a violation of his right to privacy as a citizen."

retraction. And it is also unmoved by North Carolina Governor James B. Hunt Jr.'s prudent gesture to reduce sentences so that all but one of the ten will be eligible for parole this year. Do they reduce sentences in Siberia?

It is conceivable that the Wilmington 10, or some of them, are innocent; but it is hard to see why this is any of Amnesty International's business. Perhaps Amnesty is merely trying to bolster its case against totalitarian regimes by appearing to be even-handed in the application of its political-prisoner standards. That could be one explanation for its inappropriate defense of the Wilmington 10. More likely, however, is the sad fact that Amnesty has been infiltrated by ideologues of the Left, who suffer from the hereditary astigmatism that makes one unable to distinguish between free and totalitarian societies, between freedom of conscience and crime.

A Hidden Budget

At a half-trillion dollars, the "restrained" federal budget for fiscal 1979 significantly understates the true size and scope of federal intervention in the economy. First, there are the off-budget agencies, such as the Federal Financing Bank, which will be spending \$12.5 billion more than they take in. Second, there is the devious practice of treating \$17.2 billion of receipts from the sale or rent of federal property as "negative expenditures"—thus reducing the spending totals. Third, \$14.8 billion to be spent by government-sponsored enterprises is conveniently excluded, as are a variety of subsidized, guaranteed, and insured loans. In the same spirit of full disclosure, the Carter energy scheme is shrewdly disguised by a pioneering effort in creative accounting. Rather than saying that the plan is to tax energy producers and users \$14.1 billion, and to spend \$11.2 billion to buy votes, the budget simply treats the spending as a "refund" of taxes paid by someone else. This gimmick keeps an actual 9.5 per cent budget increase down to "only 2 per cent in real terms," though why it should rise at all in real terms remains a secret.

Among other effects, these various activities that escape budgetary discipline and public exposure have a tremendous impact on who gets credit on what terms. Together federal and federally assisted loans outside the budget are estimated to reach \$410.5 billion in fiscal 1979. Since these funds would otherwise go where they yielded the best return, there is a reasonable presumption that the massive use of the government as a bargain bank produces a gross misallocation of scarce capital. The biggest loopholes are not in federal taxes but in federal lending and spending.

Adding the off-budget agencies to the deficits, the Treasury will have to borrow another \$146 billion in fiscal 1978 and 1979. It simply cannot be done without either crowding out housing and investment or fostering

even more inflationary growth of the money supply. Even in Keynesian scripture, there is nothing that says deficits should get larger as an economic expansion moves into the third and fourth years of maturity. In truth, we face an impossible job in trying to finance both economic growth and the government's appetite. Manipulating the numbers will not change that reality.

Tolling Griffin's Bell

Poor David Marston had toiled effectively as U.S. attorney in Philadelphia, but unnoticed by the public at large. He had cut his teeth by unfrocking a Republican county commissioner, gone on to unseat the speaker of the state house of representatives, and had his finest moment early last month when State Senator Henry Cianfrani (a Philadelphia powerhouse) pleaded guilty to 106 (that's *one hundred six*) separate counts. And still, while Philadelphia knew that all sorts of heads were being lopped, the name of the lord high executioner remained virtually unknown.

Then Attorney General Griffin Bell handed Marston the "black spot," and just about everybody knew who David Marston was. It soon developed that Marston was being axed at the personal request of Representative Joshua Eilberg (D., Pa.). Then it developed that Eilberg and Representative Daniel Flood (D., Pa.) were under investigation by Marston's office for possible illegal procedures in the funding of additions to Philadelphia's Hahneman hospital.

And suddenly everyone knows who David Marston is. The young man simply has it made. He handles himself well on television, he has an attractive young family (three children under the age of 12), he is being martyred by the Democratic power structure. He can now have just about anything he wants. Already there are little boomlets to run him for governor. Even if that doesn't work, all any Republican candidate has to say is: "If elected, I will ask David Marston to be attorney general for the Commonwealth," and watch the votes pour in.

Griffin Bell has accused Marston of being politically ambitious. It would be surprising if he were not. If he is, he is in that most desirable of positions: a man of wide recognition, high popularity, the martyr's mantle

Busybody

I don't smoke, but if I did
You can bet I'd blow my lid,
Taking careful pains to show
Califano where to go.

W. H. VON DREELE

custom-tailored to his shoulders, and absolutely no public commitment about any political beliefs.

And, sheer speculation for 1980. What if, at that time, you had a Governor Marston heading the Pennsylvania delegation to the Republican Convention? Remember that Marston's political mentor is Senator Richard Schweiker, whose ADA rating in the last year has plummeted like the Dow Jones average for the same period. And remember that Senator Schweiker has a few unredeemed notes sitting in Ron's pocket.

John O'Hara once wrote that every Pennsylvanian's second vocation was politics, if it wasn't his first. Politics in Pennsylvania in recent years has been pretty dull, when it hasn't been tawdry. Life in the Commonwealth could once again become a pretty good show.

Many Happy Returns

Do Nazis have the right to march through a largely Jewish suburb to celebrate Der Führer's birthday? Morally, the issue in Skokie, Illinois could hardly be clearer. Constitutionally, it is prickly. The American Civil Liberties Union has always had a hearty appetite for test cases, but its defense of the Nazis' right in this one has resulted in massive defections of its Jewish supporters. Now the Illinois Supreme Court has ruled that the Nazis may march on schedule on April 20, swastikas and all. It is, according to the court, a First Amendment issue. "The display of these swastikas," it held, "as offensive to the principles of a free nation as the memories it recalls may be, is symbolic political speech intended to convey to the public the beliefs of those who display it [sic]." The court refused to allow Skokie to prohibit the display under the "fighting words" principle, and declared that "anticipation of the hostile audience [cannot] justify a prior restraint."

Of Skokie's seventy thousand people, forty thousand are Jews; of whom about five thousand are survivors of Nazi death camps. Clearly the march is "intended" to do something besides "convey beliefs" to the "public." It is intended to insult the dead, to celebrate their murderers, and to convey a threat, however impotent, against the living. And even if it were supposed that the Nazis were somehow innocent of the meaning of their actions in the context of Skokie, it would hardly be unreasonable to require them to spend the next few months figuring out what it must be.

The issue is *not* simple. Americans treasure their freedom of speech, and one does not deny rights to a group one loathes that might not, with equal reason, be denied to all. But the whole notion of "symbolic speech" needs inspection. Any act, with suitable stagesetting, might be so characterized: you might bulldoze a church to express your taste in architecture. The fact remains that vandalism is illegal, however excellent your taste.

For that matter, not all speech is protected under the Constitution. False advertising, libel, threats, crank phone calls, incitement to riot, and many other verbal acts expose one to legal penalties. Recent philosophy has given a good deal of attention to "speech acts," "performative utterances," and the like, which are not mere verbal descriptions of reality but modes of *action*. The law has always recognized that the circumstances of an utterance can determine its very nature, and British law particularly has asserted the relevance of society's *experience* of certain categories of words and utterance as provocative of violence.

We don't know the specific solution for Skokie. Maybe it is as simple as a voluntary collective avoidance of the big birthday march, with the cooperation of the press. Maybe not. In any case, no solution can ever come from a rigidly abstract and doctrinaire approach to free "speech."

No Tax Cut

In each of the past three years, Congress and the President have taken credit for magnanimously cutting federal taxes. And in each of the past three years, most taxpayers paid a larger portion of their income in federal taxes.

President Carter has again given a tax increase and called it a tax cut. But there is, first of all, the matter of inflation. Inflation has pushed more people into higher tax brackets, so that discouragingly high tax rates on additional earnings are now biting people who are by no means fat cats, particularly when both the husband and wife work. The problem has been compounded by the past three tax reductions, which were tilted in an egalitarian direction. The Carter plan too would, as the *Economic Report of the President* boasts, "significantly increase the progressivity of the individual income tax."

Then there is the Social Security tax increase. Someone earning \$16,500 last year will need over \$18,500 in 1979 just to keep up with a 6 per cent rate of inflation. But his Social Security taxes will go up by \$342 (half of which is paid for him by his employer) so that his real after-tax income will go down. That is partly offset by the income tax cut, which supposedly amounts to as much as \$260, but only if we ignore the taxes on this taxpayer's \$2,000 cost-of-living increase. Even if the loophole-closing leaves enough deductions to get his marginal tax rate down to 14 per cent, the tax on that unreal \$2,000 pay increase will amount to at least \$280. Depending on his marital status and family size, he might derive benefits from the switch from a personal exemption to a tax credit, but not if his income gets above \$20,000. In short, even someone with this fairly modest income is hardly getting a tax cut. The Joint Committee on Taxation figures that the combined revenues result-

ing from inflation and the Social Security and energy tax increases will exceed the President's so-called tax cut by amounts that soar to \$197 billion by 1983.

Finally, there is the question of who pays for the budget and off-budget deficits. While reductions of the higher tax brackets would hold considerable promise of inspiring greater earnings and savings, thus minimizing the deficit and making it easier to finance, the same is not true of the proposed reductions for those who already pay relatively little of their income in taxes. As Milton Friedman has reminded us, the deficit is not paid for by the tooth fairy. It comes out of our hides in higher future taxes to pay interest on the debt. Larger deficit is risky enough without wasting it in futile pursuit of egalitarian ideology.

Freda Utley, R I P

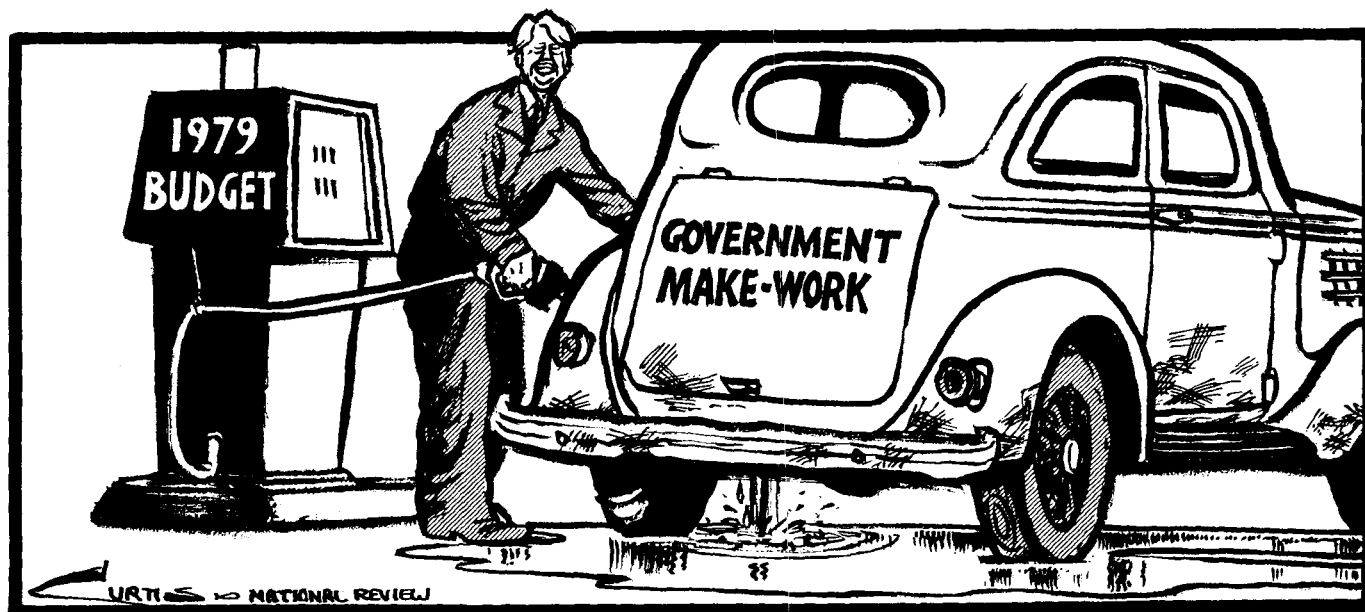
Freda Utley, who died last month in Washington, was a woman of unusual intelligence, passionate energy, tested courage, and, at several of our century's turning points, remarkable prescience. She took first class honors at London University, and went on to graduate work and teaching at the London School of Economics. She joined the British Communist Party, married a Russian, Arkady Berdichevsky, who was attached to the Soviet embassy, and in 1928 went to Japan as correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*. In 1930 she and her husband settled in Moscow, where she worked in the Soviet Institute of World Economy.

In 1934 Stalin's Great Purge began. Two years later Freda's husband was arrested and sent to Siberia. Freda learned that he was dead; she managed to get out, and in 1938 was working in the China war zones as a correspondent. She got to know a great deal not only

about China's double war but about the diplomats, journalists, and hangers-on who were interpreting it for Western audiences. During this period she wrote three informative and often prophetic books on the Far East conflict: *Japan's Feet of Clay*, *Japan's Gamble in China*, and *China at War*.

In 1939 Freda came to the United States and a few years later became an American citizen. Her most poignant, sustained, and powerful book, *The Dream We Lost*, was published in 1940. This was the story of her own life, and also the story of many of the talented, generous-hearted men and women of her generation. *The Dream We Lost*: the dream of the peaceful, cooperative, classless Socialist utopia and of its ultimate realization, somehow, in revolutionary Russia. Freda knew it was her duty to try to communicate to others what she had learned through harsh experience, sorrow, and suffering: that the dream is an illusion and a nightmare. In *Last Chance in China* beforehand (1946) and *The China Story* afterward (1951), Freda told what Mao was in truth doing in China and how the fellow-travelers and dupes reporting China events to the West distorted both facts and meanings. In recent years her writings were concerned mostly with Mideast problems, in the treatment of which her illuminating insights were obscured, many of us felt, by an excessive pro-Arab partisanship.

Several of us at *NR* knew Freda Utley for many years, and at one period she wrote articles and reviews for *NR*. There was a good deal of truth in her self-appraisal: "I was a premature anti-Communist. I told the truth about Communism before the world was prepared to hear it." It is understandable that Cassandra should feel a certain bitterness along with pride in having told so many disregarded truths. We salute a brave warrior, and extend our sympathy to Freda's son, Jon Basil Utley, and her two grandchildren.



Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am at a loss to explain quite why your magazine bothers me, so for the moment it will suffice to say that it does bother, irritate, challenge, infuriate, delight . . . and so on, *ad infinitum*. Politics has little to do with it—after all, they are naught but the response and what concerns me is the question.

Your magazine does something that no other does, or, perhaps, is capable of doing. It presents logical arguments, polemics, and fooleries pertaining to every level of our complex-complex-complex society. Perhaps my shock at such a systematic logical approach is a kind of withdrawal reaction from the mugurbling diet of pabulum which is trotted out as televised news. So, for the insight and the shortsight which appears in *NR*, I thank you.

Yet, reading the magazine, I am left, somehow, unfulfilled. The collapse of the Republican Party leaves me distressed.

There was once a pioneer strength in this country—a spirit of sacrifice for the common good—a sense of community that stretched across our social and political lives. Now, richer, accoutred with all the largesse of a wealthy society, better informed, better educated, we have become smaller people, argumentative, litigious, and mean. I suspect that our survival as a nation will have less to do with the ebb and flow of everyday politics than our ability to re-establish community and cooperation. That means, to me, a strong, revitalized, centrist-oriented Republican Party that can offer a *challenge* to the Democrats. It means less of the absurd media shorthand for complex issues (Corporation = Evil, Labor = Pure, or vice versa). It means a spirit of sacrifice for the common good which is, or should be, the spirit of all political compromise.

I read your magazine and I listen. And this, jumbled and incoherent perhaps, is what I have heard. I hope, in future issues, to see some reference to this part of our national lives buried there amid polemic and pout.

Yours cordially,
Michael Utvich
West Hollywood, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On my desk, staring at me rather pathetically, is a bill for my renewal of *NR*. (Of? To?) My dilemma is this: I am a senior at Russell Kirk's Behemoth U.

(Univ. of Ill. in disguise) with slender monetary reserves. Do I cancel my lifeline to elegant thought with the announcement that I undertook a debt I could not meet, i.e., admit to deficit spending? Before succumbing to that infamy, I thought to make a proposition: three of my poems for one more year of your (our) journal. A fair trade? I am not so immodest as to suggest that any number of my poems would be worth a single issue of *NR*, but I see no alternative than to ask you to wait ever so patiently for the \$19.95. Not an immense sum except to one on a critical budget. Thank you for considering my proposal long enough to read this far.

*They dance to the tunes
of the bells in their heads;
while the Demon Fiddler's
playing,
the Liberal Ass
is braying.*

Yours,
Richard R. Gaca
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Gaca: A deal. Don't forget to report it as income. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Perhaps you have heard this one. Perhaps not, since it was told to me by a citizen of Niger who was visiting in this country. He had recently attended a Labor Congress in Russia, and I gather that is where he heard the story.

It seems Vorster wanted to look into the future. He consulted a computer. His first question was: "Three years from now what will be the color of the population of South Africa, black or white?" The computer came back with the answer: "White."

Vorster wasn't quite satisfied so he asked: "Ten years from now, what will be the price of butter?" The computer thought a while, and then answered: "Eight rubles."

Sincerely,
Frank Masland
Carlisle, Pa.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your cover picture of a well-known lady at the Houston Convention is a nasty crack at all women. Your reputation suffers deeply from such "humor." I recommend an apology to her and to women in general.

Sorrowfully,
Constance A. Miller
Bronxville, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Miller: I do not understand your point nor would, I am certain, the callipygian Ms. Abzug.

Cordially,
—WFB

THE FRENCH and Italian Communist parties are the largest Communist parties in the non-Communist world. Like all serious political parties, they seek to win governmental power—to control the government. In their nearly sixty years of existence they have failed to reach their goal. For brief periods (both parties in the immediate aftermath of World War II, and the French party also in 1936), they have had a few cabinet posts, but there never has been a solidly Communist or a Communist-led government in either country.

Moreover, in spite of their vast organizational galaxies, the untiring labors of active members, and the ineptness of their rivals, they have never succeeded in overcoming the suspicion or outright hostility with which the majority of their countrymen regard them. In nationwide elections, the French party has never won as much as a quarter, or the Italian as much as a third, of the total vote.

From the point of view of classical Bolshevik doctrine, this inability to win an electoral majority is not a crucial consideration. According to the doctrine, the decisive event on the Communist road to power is an armed insurrection undertaken as the climax of a developing "revolutionary situation." The business of the revolutionary leadership installed through the insurrection is not to revive the defeated bourgeois government, but to consolidate a new revolutionary government ("dictatorship of the proletariat") on a new structural foundation. (Alternatively, once the revolution has a state at its disposal, the Red Army can save a lot of bother by supervising "the conquest of power.")

The classic doctrine did well enough for party lectures, but most French and Italian citizens wouldn't go for it, or for the pro-Soviet stance that went with it. To complete the Communists' frustration, suitable revolutionary situations, in which the prejudices of the citizens could be overridden, didn't show up. Potentially, one was present in the military-political collapse of France in 1940 and of Italy in 1943.

However, the French party at the time was busy helping Hitler impose *his* structure, and in Italy the Allied armies were in charge.

If the Mountain Won't . . .

Eventually the party leadership—the Italians beginning in the Sixties, the French in 1972—became convinced that they had to adapt themselves more sympathetically to their environment. They swung toward "the parliamentary road to power." They played down the Soviet connection, stopped talking about insurrection and the dictatorship of the proletariat, and pledged allegiance to parliamentary virtues.

Thus reborn, they undertook specific operations aiming at their installation in governmental office. In France, with a large Socialist vote, this meant the Common Front of Communists, Socialists, and Left Radicals. In Italy, with only a negligible Socialist party, it called for the "historic compromise" through which the Communists would collaborate with the bourgeois Christian Democrats and thereby nudge their way into the government.

Until last summer both operations seemed to be going along fairly well. But there were subsurface troubles: In September the French Common Front, predicted as probable winner in the March 1978 election, split. Last month, Italy's Andreotti government, resting on Communist acquiescence in a minority Christian Democratic cabinet, fell. In both cases it was the Communists who took the initiative in upsetting the political formation that they had been primarily responsible for bringing about. How is this to be explained?

The new rhetoric of the French and Italian parties is democratic, pluralist, anti-violence, anti-Leninist, and nationalist. But if their rhetoric corresponds to the reality, then these parties are no longer Communist parties (whatever they call themselves). They have become Socialist parties.

If they are in reality Socialist parties, then they have no objective basis for separate political existence. Each should, and would, fuse with the home

Socialist party. It never happens that two political parties with the same principles and program continue separate for any length of time.

Both the French and Italian parties got trapped in a dilemma: either the sweet-talking "Communist party" is still a genuine Communist (Leninist) party and is therefore perpetrating a fraud, or it ought to bow out of separate existence and leave the field clear for a united Socialist party.

On the Horns

The parties have been getting gored by both horns. In France, opinion polls show that many routine members and non-Party sympathizers have believed the Eurocommunist pitch and figured, what the hell, if the Communists have gone Socialist we might as well shift to Mitterrand and the original article. At the same time, many Party militants grow surly from what they feel may be a capitulation, and younger activists join the wild radicals on the extreme Left. Meanwhile, the general public is puzzled, and continues to be suspicious of the whole operation. In the somewhat different Italian situation, an analogous process takes place. Opinion polls show the Italian party down in both membership and voting strength since the 1976 election.

The way things were going, the leadership of both parties felt they might be weakening their primary social and economic base and might end up being used instead of using. They couldn't risk letting their coalition line run its natural course. This was at least part of the reason, I think, for the September/January interruptions. The Communist parties were reasserting their autonomy and firmness, and their claim to leadership of the Left.

There is no sign as yet that the Communists have abandoned their tactical line. Its next phase seems about to open in both countries. However, they have not solved their dilemma. It therefore seems probable that a French or Italian government by a coalition formally including the Communist party could not be stable, and would soon disintegrate. □

IN ORDER TO understand Mr. Carter's economic policies, it is important to realize that his voting strength lies among the poor and the unemployed. By adopting policies that will increase poverty and unemployment, Carter can thus be assured of more votes.

Back in 1972, a government pamphlet boasted that "thousands of mentally retarded men and woman have been placed in federal jobs during the last eight and a half years." An admirable policy, but it may have been carried too far. By now, the figure must be in the hundreds of thousands, and evidently includes a few congressmen and Cabinet members. The consequences have not been encouraging:

We have employment problems, so the Administration proposes to increase the costs of employment by boosting employers' payroll taxes.

A lot of inexperienced teenagers can't find stable work at the existing minimum wage, so the President has signed a bill making it illegal to offer them jobs at less than \$2.65 an hour this year, \$3.35 by 1981.

Welfare costs are out of control, so the Administration proposes to "reform" the system by increasing its cost—the first increase to total about \$15 billion.

The Administration also proposes to alleviate hunger and promote agricultural exports by restricting grain production and raising farm and dairy prices.

Men are dropping out of the labor force like flies, neither working nor seeking work, and the average age of retirement in big industries is down to about 55. So Congress worries about raising the mandatory retirement age.

Federally financed spending on medical care has driven prices sky high and resulted in widespread corruption. The Administration's solution is to complete the nationalization of medical care, turning the whole industry into one big Medicaid scandal.

High taxes on investment income have discouraged productive investment. The Administration proposes to solve this problem by taxing capital gains at income-tax rates, without full

LESS IS MORE

Carter Economics

ALAN REYNOLDS

deduction for capital losses, even when those gains simply reflect inflation.

The dollar is sinking because our policies are even more inflationary than those of our major trading partners. So we blame Germany and Japan for not adopting our good old Anglo-American "reflationary" fiscal and monetary policies.

The Federal Trade Commission is complaining that doctors and lawyers do not advertise *enough*, while simultaneously attacking the cereal industry for advertising *too much*. High prices are monopolistic gouging, low prices are cut-throat and predatory. If prices differ, it is discriminatory; if they are the same, it is collusive. Antitrust is strictly a no-rules, no-win game for everyone but the \$200-an-hour lawyers.

Finally, there is President Carter's war on energy. The original rationale for energy price controls, under previous Administrations, was to insulate consumers from the effects of higher prices of imported oil and gas. If foreign energy producers charged more, we would simply pay domestic produc-

ers less. That would keep demand up and domestic supplies down, thus creating a growing market for imports of oil and liquefied natural gas. It was a foreign aid program for the Arabs.

The new Administration's proposals are different. Starting with the clear recognition that the whole problem with OPEC is that the cartel has made oil and gas too scarce and costly, the new plan is to make oil and gas more scarce and costly.

The new energy plan is soundly grounded on the political principle that people hate higher prices but love higher taxes.

THE ADMINISTRATION acknowledges that energy supplies will increase with rising domestic prices, but only up to the exact point where incentives are "adequate." Beyond this point, further increases in price apparently have no effect whatsoever on supply. The supply curve kinks and becomes vertical. And since we will run out of oil and gas sooner or later, the Administration figures we might as well run out sooner.

Demand, on the other hand, is supposedly unaffected by prices, but it is affected by taxes. Besides, with higher prices we would only get more energy, while with higher taxes, we will get more government. This is a plan to solve the chronic shortage of government.

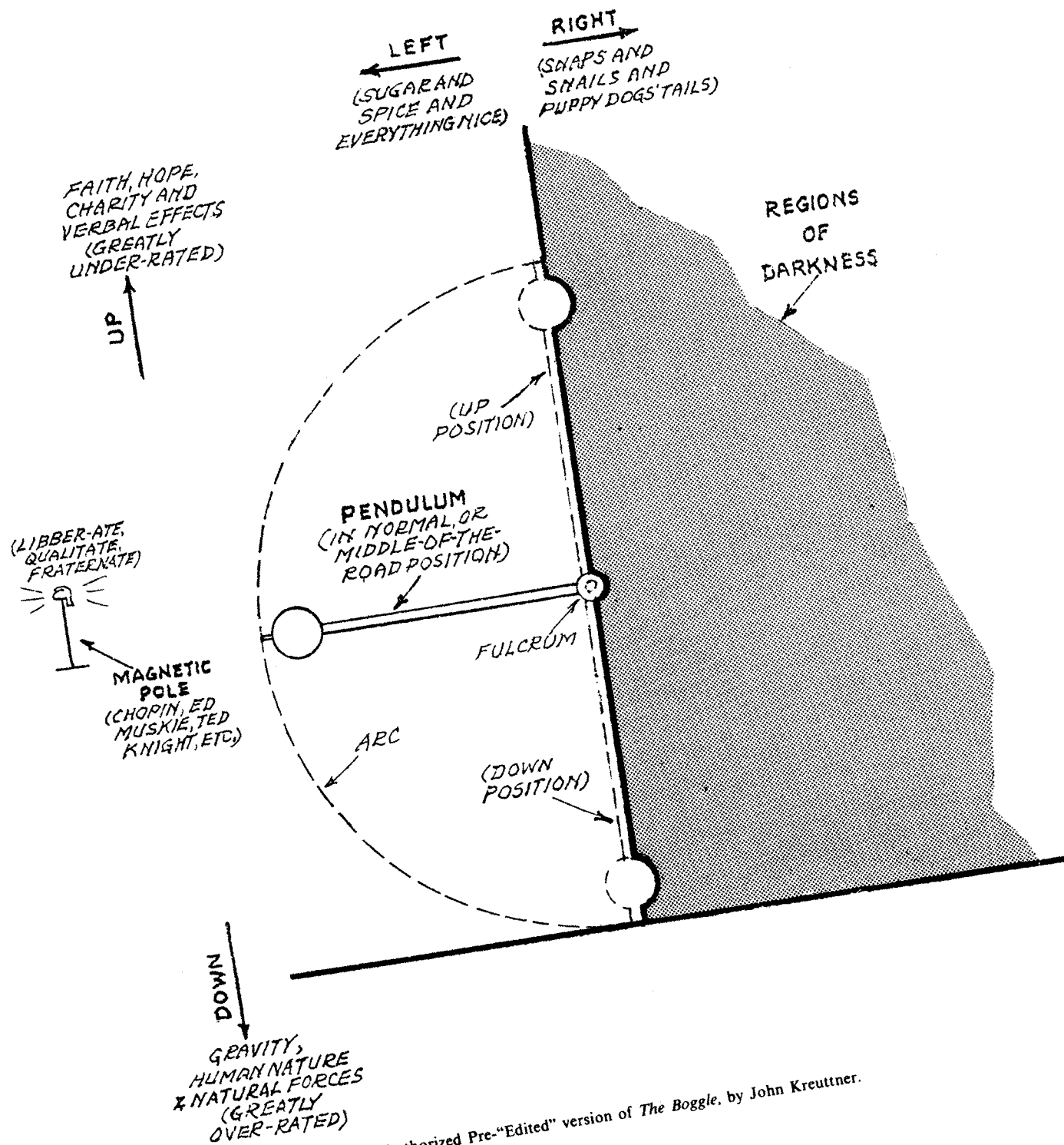
Since prices have no effect on either supply or demand, we clearly must have a \$10-billion bureaucracy to close the growing gap between what people would like to buy, at controlled prices, and what producers are able to supply. By limiting certain sorts of energy demand, with very selective taxes and prohibitions, the government will be able to separate Mr. A's real needs from Mr. B's superfluous demands, and thus eliminate "waste." Waste is energy consumed by people who vote incorrectly. □



Mr. Reynolds, an economist, is a contributing editor of NR.

!!!
help

HOW THE PENDULUM WORKS



From Authorized Pre-"Edited" version of *The Boggle*, by John Kreuttner.

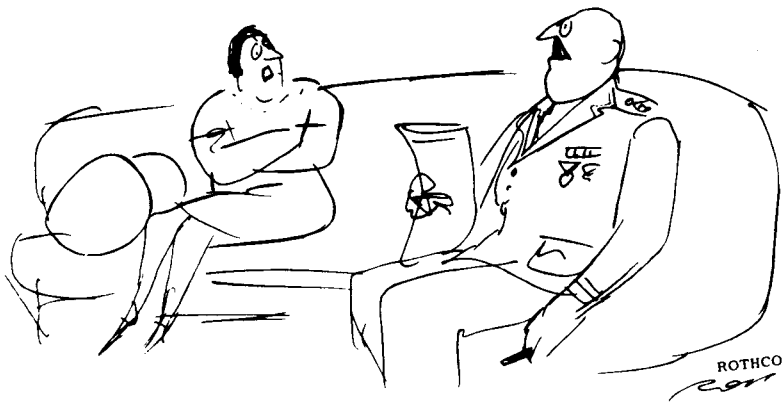


"I like this city — it's honest."

I'VE GOT MORE
GUILT THAN I
KNOW WHAT TO
DO WITH!



McNEELY
THE OREGONIAN NEWS LEADER
© 1977 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE



"Admit it. You hate ploughshares!"

The Crash of '79?

Zaire's in hock to Chase,
While others offer thanks
To loan officials at
Our fifteen largest banks.
With oil the price it is
We had to lend the dough,
But if the wogs default,
Boy, what a way to go!

W. H. VON DREELE



“And now, the big winners in today’s lawsuits...”

Is this where we’re headed? At least 205 Americans have now won damage suits worth a million dollars or more.

In 1962 there was *one*; the next year, *two*; and as recently as 1969, only *three*. But by 1976 the number of million-dollar plus awards ballooned to 43. The stakes have gone up!

Were these awards justified by real losses and clear fault? Or were they grand prizes in a lucrative game of chance

—America's dis-tort-ed tort law system?²

We've reached the point where a person was actually awarded well over a million dollars for "traumatic neurosis" resulting from a false arrest for shoplifting.³

If there were no losers in this game, we might dismiss it as harmless fun, like a lottery. But every payer of liability insurance premiums is a loser.⁴ And indirectly all of us lose, as the soaring costs of settlements and insurance force up the prices of the products and services we use.

Justified claims should be fairly compensated. But it's time to look at state laws that permit excessive and unwarranted awards. California has done so with a citizens' commission created to help bring balance back to the system. We urge other states to follow.

Insurers, lawyers, judges—all of us share some blame for this mess. But it is you, the public, who can best begin to clean it up—by making your views known to your elected representatives. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Etna wants insurance to be affordable.

¹Jury Verdict Research Inc. of Cleveland, Ohio, keeps records of million-dollar-plus awards. These, however, are only the tip of the iceberg. Extravagant jury-awarded damages set a standard for *out-of-court* settlements—the real problem, since most liability cases are settled out of court.

²A "tort," strictly speaking, is a wrongful act (other than breach of contract) for which damages may be recovered in court.

³In this case, a 23-year-old woman was arrested, tried, and found innocent of shoplifting. In turn, she sued the store and its special policeman. To compensate her for "depression, anxiety, nervousness, phobia, fears, and nightmares," the jury awarded her \$1,100,000 in damages. In the past, awards for such intangible damages were reasonably related to actual medical expenses and economic losses. Today, these

vague terms are often the basis for huge demands. We have recently seen the filing of a \$31-million malpractice suit on the grounds of "mental distress."

⁴Most awards are paid by insurance and any continuing increase in the size or number of awards must be reflected in insurance costs. For example, product liability insurance for manufacturers, and malpractice insurance for physicians, *more*

than doubled in one recent 12-month period. While these were averages country-wide, for many the increases were even more severe. In California recommended increases for product liability protection for clothing manufacturers *jumped 400%* in 1976, while malpractice insurance for some physicians *increased 347%*.

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YES or NO

on the Panama Treaties

"The Senate would do well to skip the debate on the Panama Canal and simply replay the encounter between Ronald Reagan and William F. Buckley Jr. which was staged at the University of South Carolina and aired over the Public Broadcasting System in most American cities on Superbowl Sunday."—Mary McGrory, syndicated column, January 21

1. Mr. Buckley's Opening Remarks

Mr. Chairman; ladies and gentlemen: If Lloyds of London had been asked to give odds that I would be disagreeing with Ronald Reagan on a matter of public policy, I doubt they could have flogged a quotation out of their swiftest betting-man. Because, judging from Governor Reagan's impeccable record, the statisticians would have reasoned that it was inconceivable that he should make a mistake. But of course it happens to everyone. I fully expect that, some day, I'll be wrong about something. Ronald Reagan told me over the telephone last Sunday that he would treat me very kindly tonight, as he would any friend of his suffering temporarily from a minor aberration. He does not, in other words, plan to send the Marines after me. Perhaps he is saving them to dispatch to Panama.

I find myself, Mr. Chairman, in your company, and in the present company, disarmingly comfortable. I have sat in Saigon with Ellsworth Bunker and heard him confide to me that in his opinion we should militarily cut off the Ho Chi Minh Trail. I have sat in Hawaii with Admiral McCain when, as commanding officer of CINCPAC, he fretted privately over our failure vigorously to work our will on the Vietnamese. Admiral Bud Zumwalt, on *Firing Line*, deplored *three years ago* the progressive deterioration in American military strength. Patrick Buchanan is probably the author of every truculent anti-Communist statement uttered by Richard Nixon—the old Nixon—over a period of ten years. Roger Fontaine is that anomaly in the academic world, a scholar wholeheartedly devoted to the anti-Communist enterprise. George Will is probably the most consistent journalistic critic of the SALT treaties, insisting that they play into the hands of the Soviet Union. And my

colleague James Burnham is, after all, author of *The Struggle for the World*, and has been the leading anti-Communist strategic prophet in the United States, whose books and articles have illuminated the international understanding of the global threat of the Communist world beyond those of any other scholar . . . And yet here we are, disagreed on a matter of public policy impinging on our common concerns.

We should, I think, make this dispute as easy on ourselves as possible. We are here to ask the question: Should the treaty submitted by the President to the Senate be signed? If I were in the Senate of the United States I *would* sign that treaty. So would Will. So would Burnham. So would Zumwalt. So would Bunker.

Now this does not commit us to saying anything more about that treaty—or, more properly, those treaties, because as you know there are two of them, one governing the role of the United States in Panama until the year 2000, one governing the role of the United States after that time—than that we would vote *for* them, rather than against them. To vote for them is not to endorse the foreign policy of President Carter. To vote for them is not to renounce the foreign policy of Theodore Roosevelt. To vote for them is not to say that we are frightened by any threat directed at us by Omar Torrijos. To vote for them is not to say that we are in the least influenced by the desires of the Security Council of the United Nations, which is dedicated to the decolonization of any part of the world not under Communist control.

I think I speak for my associates when I concede that the means by which we achieved our present position in Panama were a part of what one might call pre-Watergate international morality. But then, if we look about us at the activity during that period of our sister states, we do not—those of us who do not suffer from the sin of scrupulosity—think ourselves historically unique. Indeed—here I should perhaps excuse my colleagues from any identification with my own views on the subject—I happen to believe that there is a great deal to be said historically for the achievements of colonialism. Even so rigorous a critic of Western practices as Professor John Kenneth Galbraith manages to change the subject when you ask him whether he believes it was a good thing that Great Britain entered India in the nineteenth century. If anybody wanted to raise the banner

of colonialism at this moment in Cambodia or in Uganda, I would salute him and start sounding like a bagpipe. So that what I am saying is that I for one am singularly unmoved by lachrymose appeals to pull out of Panama on the grounds that our presence there is "the last vestige of colonialism." My instinctive response to assertions put to me in those accents is: Maybe we should have a little *more* colonialism, not less of it.

Nor does our belief that it is wise to sign these treaties suggest that we harbor any illusions about the character of the head of government of Panama, or the stability of his regime; or that we find that the 32 governments that have ruled over Panama since it became an independent state are tending toward creeping stability because the current government has lasted almost ten years. And, finally, we are not unaware of the friendship struck up by General Torrijos with Fidel Castro, the premier barbarian of this hemisphere. What we are maintaining is that the United States, by signing these treaties, is better off militarily, is better off economically, and is better off spiritually.

Why militarily? The question needs to be examined in two parts. If there is a full-scale atomic war, the Panama Canal will revert to a land-mass, and the first survivor who makes his way across the Isthmus will relive a historical experience, "like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific—and all his men looked at each other with a wild surmise—silent, upon a peak in Darien."

In a situation of hostility short of the exchange of missiles, we would desire mobility through the Canal. That mobility is more easily effected if we have the cooperation of the local population. As matters now stand, 75 per cent of the work force in the Canal is Panamanian. It is frequently asserted that the natural economic interest of Panama is sufficient to keep the Panama Canal open and operating. Those who come too readily to that kind of economic reductionism fail to take into account great passions that stir not only in the breasts of members of the Third World, but also in our own. The same man who built the Panama Canal once spoke, in the spirit of Robert Harper, of millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute. Theodore Roosevelt would not have been surprised by the closing of the Suez Canal in 1967 even though the loss of revenues to Egypt was roughly comparable to such a loss to Panama. The Panama Canal is responsible for 12 per cent of the gross national product of the Republic of Panama. Subtract 12 per cent and you have 88 per cent left over—in addition to your pride. I hope that Governor Reagan will not tell us tonight that Panamanian pride is not involved in the matter

of the treaties. He may tell us that Panamanian pride must in this case be subordinated to the national interest: and if he convinces me that the national interest requires subordination of Panamanian pride, I shall side with him. But he must not tell us that pride does not count. He must not tell us that the Panamanians should not be expected to share those passions which moved Egyptians a decade ago to make huge sacrifices, closing their canal. And he ought not to suggest that American pride is one thing, Panamanian pride quite something else.

I take it, then, that the cooperation of the two million people in whose territory the Canal lies, whose personnel already do three-quarters of the work required to keep the Canal open, is, to put the matter unobtrusively—desirable. At the same time, I deem it essential, along with Admiral McCain, that the United States should continue to exercise responsibility for maintaining access to the Canal, and I note therefore with satisfaction that the first treaty reaffirms the absolute right of the United States to defend access to the Canal and to continue to garrison our troops in Panama until the year 2000; and I note with satisfaction that the second treaty reaffirms the right of the United States to defend the Canal and to guarantee access to it even after the Canal itself shall have become the physical property of the Republic of Panama. It is appropriate to reflect at this moment on the words of William Howard Taft, reiterated by Theodore Roosevelt in another context. Taft said: We do not want to own anything in Panama. What we want is a canal that goes through Panama.

I should add, before leaving the military point, that if we cannot secure access to the Canal after the year 2000 from bases outside Panama—i.e., if our power is so reduced that we cannot control the waters at either end of the little Isthmus of Panama—it is altogether unlikely that the situation would change in virtue of our having the right to bivouac a few thousand Marines within the territory of Panama.

Why would we be better off economically? Because under the first treaty, the revenues from the use of the Canal flow to the United States. The royalty retained by Panama is, at 30 cents per ton, approximately 25 per cent of the tolls, plus a share in the profits not to exceed \$10 million. Ancillary economic commitments do not spring directly from the treaty, by which I mean our extra-treaty commitment to help Panama achieve credits from the Export-Import Bank, from AID and OPIC; and our commitment to give it, over the term of the treaty, \$50 million of military equipment for the purpose of relieving us of expenses we



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currently shoulder. Those who have made a huge production over the financial price of these treaties—which figure approaches \$60 million per year, the whole of it derived from Canal revenues—are perhaps most easily sedated by comparisons that come readily to mind. One billion, 290 million dollars to Spain during the last twenty years—I know, I know: we are paying Spain for the privilege of protecting Spain, such are the burdens of great nations. Or there is Turkey. For the privilege of protecting Turkey from the Soviet Union, we have spent two billion, 878 million dollars, and are now committed to spending an extra one billion over the next four years. Dear Turkey. Lovely people.

And unlike the Canal, Turkey provides us with no off-setting revenues. Perhaps we should send Mr. Bunker to Ankara to argue that we should receive a royalty on every pound of heroin sent out from Turkey for sale in the streets of the United States? And there is Greece—one billion, 800 million, with 700 million committed over the next four years—plus reversion to Greece of U.S. military installations. Or the Philippines, which is asking for a cool billion. I do hope and pray that Mr. Reagan, whose propensity to frugality with the public purse is one of his most endearing characteristics, will not devote an extravagant amount of our time tonight to telling us how ignominious it is, under the circumstances, to cede forty or fifty million dollars a year—out of revenues—to the Republic of Panama.

I said we would be better off spiritually. Perhaps—I fear it is so—this is the most provocative point I have made, particularly in this company. That is so, Mr. Chairman, because we are most of us agreed that the people who have been responsible for United States foreign policy during the postwar years—Republicans and Democrats—have tended to suffer from grievous misconceptions concerning what it is that makes a country popular, or prestigious. The conventional wisdom is that we earn the respect of the world by prostrating ourselves before the nearest Cherokee Indian, and promising to elect Marlon Brando as President. The factual situation suggests that the world works very differently. General Torrijos has criticized the United States far more than he has criticized Fidel Castro. American liberals accept solemnly plebiscites conducted in Panama when they see validated something they want validated, while scorning plebiscites conducted in Chile when they see validated something they don't want validated. I happen to believe that the surest road to international prestige is to pay absolutely no heed whatever to foreign opinion. However, in order to do this successfully, it helps—though it is not required—that you be a gentleman. Nikita Khrushchev had no problems whatever in getting himself admired by Nehru, the great ethical heart-throb of the century: not even when Khrushchev took to expressing his crotchets by

sending Russian tanks to run over Hungarian students who wanted a little liberty. In the corridors of the United Nations, the representatives of the anti-colonialist world don't rise and walk out in indignation when the Soviet overlords walk into the room, or the Chinese: they don't pass resolutions calling for the freedom of Tibet or of Lithuania, let alone Poland—which, we were advised last week by our pleasantly befuddled President, shares American principles and ideals.

No, we do not believe, those of us who favor this treaty, that it is to be favored because it will cause the president of Libya to smile upon us as he lubricates his megaphones with expropriated American oil, happily joining a consortium of extortionists whose respect for the United States—interestingly enough—diminishes as we agree to pay the price they exact from us as a reward for our defective diplomacy.

No, it is another kind of satisfaction we seek—I mean the approval given by reflective men and women to nations that disdain a false pride. Nothing should stand in the way of our resolution to maintain United States sovereignty and freedom. And nothing should distract us from the irrelevance of prideful exercises, suitable rather to the peacock than to the lion, to assert our national masculinity. We have great tests ahead of us: Are we going to disarm unilaterally? Is our word to our allies a reliable covenant? Do we really believe in human rights? Do we really believe in sovereignty? even in sovereignty for little countries, whose natural resources, where and when necessary, we are entitled to use; but not to abuse? The kind of satisfaction a nation truly consistent in the practice of its ideals seeks for itself is the kind of satisfaction, at this moment in history, we can have—by ratifying treaties that, at once, enhance our security, and our self-esteem.

2. Governor Reagan's Opening Remarks

Mr. Chairman. The gentlemen who are here to help in this evening's program. Ladies and gentlemen in the audience. I, too, would recognize, but not by name, not to take the time, all those who are present. But now that I have become a journalist and a commentator myself, I can say there is no one participating here tonight that I have not quoted, sometimes without credit.

Mr. Buckley, if you don't mind, I feel compassion, also, for all those other peoples in the world that we've been hearing about here tonight. But let's get back to the Canal.

In the rhetoric surrounding the discussion of the proposed Canal treaties, there's been a tendency to make the issue one of either these treaties or the status quo. Perhaps tonight we can make it plain that rejection of these treaties does not mean an end to further negotiations, or to the effort to better our plans for the people of Panama. We're debating these specific treaties, and whether they are in our best interest and the best interest of the people of Panama.

In my opinion, they are not. They are ambiguous in their wording; they are fatally flawed.

One treaty is, you've been told, to cover the transfer of the total ownership, control, and operation of the Canal to Panama, effective December 31, 1999. The other is to guarantee the permanent neutrality of the Canal, beginning in the year 2000. The fatal flaw I mentioned is that the transfer would not be gradual, as it might seem when we look down the road to 1999.

Under the present treaty, the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty of 1903, the United States has "all the rights, power, and authority which the United States would possess and exercise if it were sovereign in the territory, to the exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority." Ratification of the new treaty would immediately cancel that treaty of 1903. The Canal Zone would cease to exist. We would simply be a foreign power with property in Panama. There would be nothing to prevent the government of Panama from expropriating our property and nationalizing the Canal, as they have already nationalized the transit company and the power system. International law permits expropriation by governments of foreign-owned property within their borders. And the United Nations Charter, which supersedes all other treaties, prohibits a member nation from using armed force to prevent such expropriation. This rules out the practice of *force majeure*, the idea that because we have the size and strength—why, we could just move.

In 1956 Nasser broke Egypt's treaty with Britain and seized the Suez Canal. He also broke the treaty which guaranteed the right of all nations to the use of that canal. When Britain, France, and Israel moved armed forces against Egypt, the United States took the lead in declaring that they must not violate the UN Charter; and they backed away. Suez became Egypt's, and the neutrality of the canal was no more. No traffic was allowed by ships going to and from Israeli ports. If we were to become victims of expropriation, as the English were in 1956, would we take the action we refused to let them take? I don't think so.

The second treaty, which comes into effect in the year 2000 when Panama has become the sole owner and operator of the Canal, promises complete neutrality for all users. This treaty is so ambiguous in its wording as to be virtually meaningless.

Nowhere in this second treaty, or the accompanying protocol, is the word "guarantee" used. "Guarantee" is a word of art. It carries the assurance that there is a *guarantor*. Our negotiators had capable lawyers advising them. The omission could not have been an oversight. "Guarantee" must have been left out at Panama's insistence, with full knowledge of the consequences. What is there for us to cheer about when what is being granted, in word only—neutrality of the canal we built—is something which presently we have in reality?

The new treaty for neutrality makes it very clear that, in the event of war, our enemies have the same right of access to the Canal that we have. The protocol does more. It permits all other nations—like, say, the Soviet Union or Cuba—to become parties to the protocol. That's brought forth in the first Whereas.

"Permanent neutrality" is meaningless unless some nation has the right to enforce it. Our treaty advocates tell us that we can claim that right, and therefore we're safe. But if

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so, then any of the other parties to the protocol have the same right.

The wording of the second treaty and its protocol is so ambiguous that already the people of the United States are being told by our government that we have rights which the government of Panama is telling its people we don't have. We're told that from the year 2000 on, in perpetuity, the United States can unilaterally declare that neutrality of the Canal has been violated, and we can intervene to restore it. We're told that in time of war our naval vessels can go to the head of the line and have privileged passage through the Canal.

We are *not* told that Dr. Romulo Escobar Bethancourt, chief negotiator for Panama and the chief advisor to the dictator of Panama, has assured his people we don't have any such rights. We cannot unilaterally find that neutrality has been violated, nor can we even deny the use of the Canal to our enemies in the event of war. Here are his words: "We did not want that, with the excuse of neutrality, the United States would maintain a guarantee over the State of Panama. This was another cause for discussion that kept the negotiations detained until the United States gave up on the idea of having a guarantee of neutrality over the Canal." The Doctor doesn't seem to have any problem using the word "guarantee" himself; he just doesn't want to see it in the treaty.

As for our vessels going to the head of the line in time of emergency, he had a few words about that which have been overlooked by the treaty advocates. He says that our negotiators wanted privileged passage of American warships, but Panama refused to allow it. He said they did allow us a phrase, "expeditious passage," but it has no meaning. They gave us that, he said, because the American negotiators had to have something in order to sell the treaty to the Pentagon.

The first treaty provides for defense under a joint board composed of equal numbers of Panamanian and United States officers. Now, that has a friendly sound, even though the treaty requires us to close down ten of our 14 military bases, and to fly the Panamanian flag at the entrance of the other four and in the place of honor on each base. And, of course, since Panama will have sovereignty, Panama will also have the absolute power of decision.

Joint defense . . . Now, that brings to mind a picture of friendly allies going forward, shoulder to shoulder, in friendly camaraderie, the Americans voicing, probably, their customary marching chants, such as the well-known "Sound off. One, two." The Panamanian Guardia Nacional will be chanting the words that they use in their present training. They march to these words: "*¡Muerte al gringo! ¡Gringo abajo! ¡Gringo al paredón!*" Translation: "Death to the gringo! Down with the gringo! Gringo to the wall!"

Now, that should reassure us gringos about the kind of cooperation we might have under the new treaties.

In the days just ahead, we're going to be treated to fire-side chats from the Oval Office. Members of the Cabinet will barnstorm across the country, playing one-night stands on the mashed potato circuit. There'll be a Madison Avenue advertising blitz, with billboards and television spot ads in support of the Canal treaties. We might even possibly hear from some who just happen to have an interest in banking.

I don't challenge their sincerity. But, based on some of the arguments that we've already heard, we will hear history rewritten by the State Department: The Canal is fast becoming obsolete. It no longer is important to us commercially. None of the giant supertankers can use it.

Well now, that last item is true. But if that's a reason for giving away the Canal, we ought to ask General Torrijos how much he wants to take New York Harbor and San Francisco Bay off our hands, because the supertankers were not built to use either the Suez or the Panama Canal, and none of them can use a single port in the United States.

But the Panama Canal *can* handle 97 per cent of all the world's shipping and 99 per cent of all United States Navy ships, everything but 13 of our largest carriers. More than a thousand ships a month go through the Canal, and it's estimated that this will be approaching 1,500 a year by the year 2000. That hardly sounds like the Canal is obsolete and going out of business. About 75 per cent of the imports and exports for several South American countries goes through the Canal. Farm produce from our own Midwest is accounting for about \$9 billion of foreign trade that passes through the Canal.

It's false to say, also, that the Canal is not vital to national defense. In the Vietnam War, substantial cargo destined for the war zone went through that canal. There are present contingency plans that call for the movement of sixty Pacific Fleet vessels to the Atlantic in the event of a NATO crisis. Among top-ranking military officers who are retired, and thus free to speak their minds, I have seen a figure that 324 are opposed to the treaties, three are in favor. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have stated that we cannot protect the Canal against terrorist sabotage. They are absolutely right. But if they'd been a little more candid, they would have admitted we can't protect the Capitol Building in Washington or the Metro subway system against that kind of attack. As a matter of fact, the Capitol Building's

already been bombed. But for more than sixty years, through four wars, the Canal has never once been subjected to sabotage.

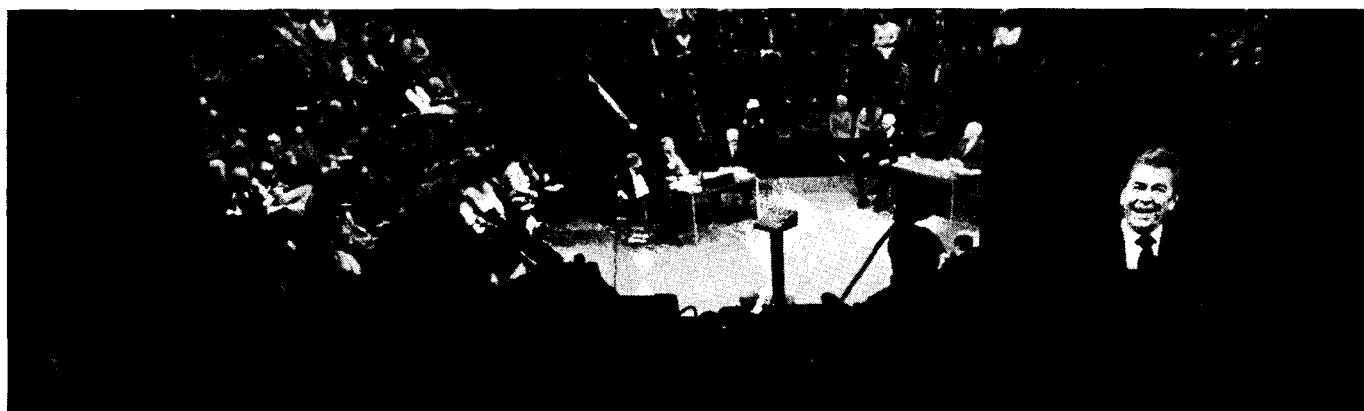
It is time, I think, to offer a rebuttal to the rewriting of history that I referred to earlier. The Panama Canal Zone is not a last vestige of colonialism wrested from the Republic of Panama by force and coercion. Our Navy did not intervene to bring about the secession of Panama from Colombia, nor did it then intimidate Panama into granting the United States the Canal Zone in perpetuity. Without the Canal, there wouldn't be a Panama. Panama tried more than fifty times to free itself from Colombia. Separated by jungle, swamp, and impassable mountains, it had no common bond with the rest of the nation, and felt neglected by the government in Bogotá.

When the French failed in their effort to build a canal across the Panamanian Isthmus, our Congress authorized the President to negotiate a treaty to build a canal, in either Colombia or Nicaragua. Indeed, Nicaragua was first choice with a majority in Congress until an untimely volcanic eruption tipped the balance to Panama. Congress approved \$40 million to purchase the French company's equipment, excavation, and geological research, providing, of course, that Colombia agreed to the treaty. The French agreement with Colombia had only a few months to go. The Colombian government saw a chance to maybe get that \$40 million themselves if they stalled for a few months. So they rejected the treaty. Panama saw its chance for freedom, declared its independence, and informed us it would sign a treaty.

Much has been made of the fact that there were American warships standing off Panama. There was nothing unusual in this. The railroad across Panama was American-built and -owned, and our 1846 treaty with Colombia pledged us to protect the right-of-way and guarantee that there would be no interruption of traffic across the Isthmus. When the revolution in Panama was announced, the captain of the *U.S.S. Nashville* received these secret orders: "Maintain free and uninterrupted transit across the Isthmus, and prevent the landing of any armed force with hostile intent, government or insurgent." I submit that has a neutral sound.

The uprising began at 6 P.M. on November 3, 1903. No shots were fired, the revolution was bloodless, and it came about because Panama wanted us to build a canal.

In the current discussions, our President, the dictator of



Panama, and Ambassador Linowitz have made much of the fact that no Panamanian signed the 1903 treaty. The inference is that this indicates some kind of skulduggery on our part. That is pure, unadulterated nonsense.

On November 8, the provisional government of the new Republic of Panama named a Frenchman, Bunau-Varilla, as minister plenipotentiary to negotiate the canal treaty with the United States. They knew what they were doing. He was a representative for the bankrupt French company, as avid to get that \$40 million for his clients as the Panamanians were to get the canal. Bunau-Varilla negotiated the treaty with our Secretary of State, Hay. It was immediately and unanimously ratified by the provisional government of Panama, and subsequently by the permanent government. Our own Senate spent three months fighting over it, and then the vote was 66 to 14. The United States paid Panama \$10 million in gold. Later, in 1922, we paid Colombia \$25 million, because the land was actually theirs. We also gave Panama \$250,000 a year in railroad royalties which had previously gone to Colombia. We've since raised that to about \$2.3 million.

Now, let this put an end to any talk that we pay rent, and that thus our claim to the Canal Zone is a kind of a lease-hold. It's nothing of the kind. We not only bought the Zone from Panama, we did something I believe was unique in the history of great nations in their dealings with smaller countries. We went into the Zone and we bought in fee simple all the privately owned land from the owners, including even homestead claims and squatters' rights. I've seen the figure of those purchases set at \$163 million. This should answer the charges of some treaty advocates that we have no claim to ownership of anything in Panama.

We built a sanitation system for their cities. We built bridges and highways and a water and power system. Our greatest contribution, of course, was the elimination of disease—mainly yellow fever, which had killed more than 20,000 of the French workers on the Canal. We took a country which was a disease-infested swampy jungle and we gave it a death rate that was actually lower than the one we have in the United States. The first president of Panama, at his inauguration, announced that he would preside over an economic boom and the end to centuries of plague. The new nation began free of debt with a \$10-million endowment. They set three-quarters of a million aside for working capital, two million for public works, and invested six million in New York real-estate mortgages—which shows they were inexperienced. But the interest from this provided the revenue for running their country. They had no fear of aggressive neighbors or of retaliation from Colombia because, at their request, the United States guaranteed their independence.

Then we proceeded to build the eighth wonder of the world.

We have operated the Canal for more than sixty years on a non-profit basis, open to all the world's shipping. Panama—and forgive my correction—Panama derives one-fourth of its gross national product from the Canal and has the highest per capita income of any country in Central America, the fourth highest in all of Latin America. The citizens of Panama make up 70 per cent of the Canal workforce, with a payroll of \$110 million.

Somehow, it boggles the mind to think that we're being asked to turn over a \$10-billion investment, including hospitals, schools, and even homes that the workers live in, and to place American people and the American military under the jurisdiction of a government that was not elected by the Panamanian people, that holds power at the point of a gun, and is an authoritarian dictatorship. In return for that, there's no talk of purchase or a purchase price. We will, instead, pay that government what will total about a billion and a half dollars over twenty-odd years to take this thing off our hands, and also for them not to engage in bloody riots and disturbances. And we also promise not to build another canal anywhere else without their consent.

Of course, we have agreed to continue our foreign aid to them, which is now the highest per capita of any country in the world that we help.

Ah, but we're told this will make us loved in all Latin America. But will it? He himself, General Torrijos, has told journalists that only four countries in Latin America support his demand. I have had personal contact with representatives of governments who tell us: No, we don't.

I think there are alternatives. We are not saying no except to these treaties. The alternatives could involve a governing or policy-making board made up of Panamanians, Americans, and representatives of the other Latin American neighbor states. I think that we could make vast tracts of the Zone available for commercial development for the nearly bankrupt economy of Panama. Even now the Panama Canal Zone is not a barrier which the Panamanians are not free to cross as they will to get to the other parts of their country.

We could proceed with the third-lock plan, which would contribute about a billion and half dollars over a few years into their economy. There are other alternatives I could name. But we cannot abdicate our responsibility for the operation of the Canal and the security of the Western Hemisphere. Let us reject these treaties and negotiate as a great nation should, and have no more yielding to threats or blackmail.

3. Governor Reagan's Rebuttal

Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen, we come back again to my original premise. And I would start, I think, with the question that I didn't have time to answer: the defensibility of the Canal. If we're talking nuclear defense of the Panama Canal, no—if a missile is aimed to come in on it. But you have to ask yourself: In the event of a nuclear war, who's going to waste a missile on the Canal? They'll be dropping missiles on New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and so forth, and it would be a waste of time to use one there. So we come down to conventional warfare, and we come down to sabotage.

I claim that with the United States' military force—trained on the ground, which has defended the Canal against any attempt at sabotage through four wars—it's going to take more than a single saboteur slipping in in the night with a hand grenade or an explosive charge. It's going to take a trained demolition team, with plenty

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of time to work and no interruption, to do something to disable the gates, the locks, and so forth. Or the alternative would be to assault the dams that hold back the lakes—a two-hundred-square-mile lake, for one; there are three lakes—that provide the water that, through gravity, floods these locks. Now I submit that with an American armed force on hand guarding those vulnerable points, they are far safer than if the Panamanians were in charge and the Americans were not there. And the sabotage we could expect would come from people within the ranks of the Panamanians. I don't know who else it could be.

We also know that there are elements in Panama who have said that these treaties are unsatisfactory because they would take twenty years, and that they're going to riot and cause trouble unless they're given the Canal now.

And so we come back to the point that is at issue. Yes, there is a problem: sensitivity to the Panamanian people, to what they want, to their pride. I agree with that. But also, on our side, is the responsibility we cannot abdicate: to protect the Canal and make sure that it remains open to all shipping, and that it is there for the defense of this hemisphere and of our own nation.

Now we have to face the Panamanians again in negotiations—but *not* because we've been threatened that they'll cause trouble. Because I say that this is one of the first things that should have caused us to call off the negotiations. When they threatened violence, I believe the United States should have said to them, "We don't negotiate with anyone under threats. If you want to sit down and talk in a spirit of good will, we'll do it." But we should go back now and say, "If we can find a way that ensures our right to provide the security the Canal must have, we'll do everything we can to find a way to erase the friction points"—some of which I pointed out there in my previous remarks. The Canal is not a natural resource of Panama that has been exploited by the United States. We haven't taken minerals out of the Canal Zone. We haven't lumbered it. We've gone in for one purpose and one only, the one the Treaty called for: to build and operate a canal. And I don't know of anyone who has benefited more than the people of Panama. Their ships even have an advantage in the tolls they must pay, as do the ships of Colombia.

We're dealing with a government that, as I've said repeatedly here, has not been elected, a dictatorship that in nine years has accumulated the highest per capita debt of any nation in the world. Thirty-nine per cent of the Panamanian budget goes to service that debt. If our debt were comparable, per capita, it would be five times as big as it is right now, and it's already seven hundred billion dollars.

I don't believe that we would do anything to strengthen our position in Latin America by, again, yielding to this unpleasantness. I think, if anything, we would become a

laughingstock by surrendering to unreasonable demands. And by doing so, I think we would cloak weakness in the suit of virtue.

This has to be treated in the context of the international situation; the Panama Canal treaty is just one facet of our foreign policy. What are we doing to ourselves in the eyes of the world, and to our allies? Will they, as Mr. Buckley says, see it as the magnanimous gesture of a great and powerful nation? I don't think so, not in view of our recent history, not in view of our bugout in Vietnam, not in view of an Administration that is hinting that we're going to throw aside an ally named Taiwan. Not in view of our policy in Africa. I think that the world would see it as, once again, a case where Uncle Sam put his tail between his legs and crept away rather than face trouble.

I think Professor Fontaine was right to question the ability of the Panamanians to run the Canal. This particular administration of Panama has started three sugar mills, a hydroelectric project, an airport, a public transportation system, a resort island, an agricultural development program, and a program of exploration for natural resources, and it has failed in every one of them. They're all failures and back on the shelf. So again I say that there are alternatives by which we could benefit the people of Panama. But I believe this treaty is aimed at benefiting the *dictator* of Panama. Until someone can suggest a way that we can meet our responsibility other than by retaining our right of sovereignty, then I say that we have to retain it.

I would suggest, as I said before, the third-lock plan, which would make it possible for the Canal to take our carriers. The benefits accruing to Panama, the increase in industry, would do much to rescue what is virtually a bankrupt economy now. But, again, I come down to the basic argument of whether it is to be these treaties or whether we, as a great nation, are to say to Panama, "We cannot forsake this one responsibility. Now, here are the things that we are prepared to do, and if you have any other suggestions, raise them in negotiations."

But I submit, with all due respect to those who negotiated, I think they were put in an untenable position. I think our negotiators did the best they could in circumstances where they were sent not to negotiate, but literally to concede as little as they had to in order to pacify a dictator and to avoid violence.

4. Mr. Buckley's Rebuttal

Mr. Chairman, Governor Reagan. James Thurber once said, "You know, women are ruling the world. And the reason they're ruling the world is that they have so insecure a knowledge of history. I found myself sitting next to a lady on an airplane the other day who all of a sudden turned to me and said, 'Why did we have to pay for Louisiana when we got all the other states free?' So I explained it to her. I said, 'Louisiana was owned by two sisters called Louisa and Anne Wilmot. And they offered to give it to the United States, provided it was named after them. That was the Wilmot Proviso. But President Winfield Scott refused to do that. That was the Dred

Scott Decision.' So the lady said, 'That's all very well. But I still don't understand why we had to pay for the Louisiana Purchase.'"

Now, intending no slur on my friend Ronald Reagan, the politician in America I admire most, his rendition of recent history and his generalities remind me a little bit of Thurber's explanation. He says we don't negotiate under threats. And everybody here *bursts* out in applause. The trouble with that is that it's not true. We *do* negotiate under threats. Ninety-nine per cent of all the negotiations that have gone on from the beginning of this world have gone on as a result of threats. When somebody says to his boss, "If you don't give me a raise, I'm quitting," that's a threat, isn't it? What do you call what we did to George III? It was a most convincing threat.

Secondly, the fact of the matter is that there are people in Panama who don't accept Governor Reagan's notion that the United States exercises undisputed, unambiguous sovereignty over that territory.

In 1928, in the Luckenbach Steamship Company Case, the Supreme Court of the United States referred to the Canal Zone as a place in which there were "foreign ports." William Howard Taft said to Panama that we had "not the slightest interest in colonizing." In 1936 we reaffirmed the titular sovereignty of Panama. Children born of foreign parents in Panama don't become Americans. Dulles said to the United Nations in 1946: "Panama is sovereign." In 1948, the Supreme Court, in its decision in *Vermilya-Brown Co. v. Connell*, made the following reference: "Admittedly, Panama is territory over which we do not have sovereignty."

We do have there the absolute right, which I do not deny and which my colleagues do not deny, to stay as long as we want. But to say that we have *sovereignty*, as Governor Reagan has said, is to belie the intention of the people who supervised our diplomacy in the early part of the century. And it is also to urge people to believe that we harbor an appetite for colonialism, which we shrink from, having ourselves set forth in the Declaration of Independence principles that are applicable not only to people fortunate enough to be born in Massachusetts or in New York or in Virginia, but to people born everywhere.

And all of a sudden we find that we resent it when people say they're willing to fight for their freedom. There was fighting done within hundreds of yards of where we're standing because the people of the South wanted their freedom from the Union. We fought back, and it continues to be an open question whether there was successful diplomacy in the course of resisting that insurrection. But is there anyone who believes that we should feel contempt for the people who backed up their demands for freedom by being willing to die for them? I don't feel that contempt, Mr. Chairman, and I don't think the American people feel it either.

I think Governor Reagan put his finger on it when he said the reason this treaty is unpopular is that we're tired of being pushed around. We were pushed out of Vietnam because, just as Admiral McCain told us, we didn't have the guts to go in there and do it right. We're now prepared, it's been said, to desert Taiwan because three and a half

**HOW DO WE GET OUR KICKS? BY SAYING
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Harvard professors think that we ought to "normalize" our relations with Red China. We are prepared to allow 16 semi-savage countries to cartelize the oil that is indispensable to the entire industrial might of the West because we don't have a diplomacy that's firm enough to do something about it. And, therefore, how do we get our kicks? By saying no to the people of Panama.

When I am in a mood to say no, representing the United States, I want to be looking the Soviet Union in the face; I want to say no to the Soviet Union the next time it starts to send its tanks running over students in Czechoslovakia who want a little freedom. I want to say no to China when it subsidizes genocide in Cambodia on a scale that has not been known in this century, rather than simply forget that it exists. I don't feel that the United States has to affirm its independence by saying we must not distinguish between the intrinsic merits of rewriting the treaty with Panama and of pulling out of Taiwan because it is all a part of the same syndrome.

Who in this room doubts that if the President of the United States weren't Jimmy Carter but, let us say, Douglas MacArthur, and if the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were Curtis LeMay, and if the Secretary of State were Theodore Roosevelt, and if this instrument were then recommended to the Senate—who doubts that the conservative community of America would endorse it?

We are being convinced not by our minds, not by hard analytical arguments, certainly not by those ideals to which we profess allegiance every time we meditate on the Declaration of Independence. We are allowing ourselves to be beguiled by a quite understandable bitterness at the way we have been kicked around. We should not be mad at the Panamanian students, who are asking for nothing more than what our great-great-grandparents asked for; we should be mad at our own leaders for screwing up the peace during the last 25 years. Do we want to go down and take it out on people who simply want to recover the Canal Zone? What we have done to Panama is the equivalent of taking the falls away from Niagara. Is it the kind of satisfaction that we feel we are entitled to, to assert a sovereignty which is, in any case, not a part of the historical tradition?

No. Let's listen to reason. Let's recognize, as Admiral Zumwalt has said, that we are so impoverished militarily as a result of so many lamentable decisions that we need the Panama Canal: and we need the Panama Canal run by a people who can understand themselves as joined with us in a common enterprise because, when they look at the leaders of the United States, they can recognize that, not as a result of an attempt to curry favor with anybody, but as a result of our concern for our own self-esteem, we are big enough to grant little people what we ourselves fought for two hundred years ago. □

Moving toward the Polls

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

B RITAIN ENTERED 1978 in a strange mood—volatile and perplexed, cynical and apathetic. The odds are that this will be an election year. (It doesn't have to be. Prime Minister James Callaghan could wait until 1979: but if the sun seems to be shining between the clouds, he will probably make a run for it.) And, as Mrs. Thatcher, the Conservative leader, has been warning people, the next election, whenever it comes, will be a watershed in British history.

Of course, politicians always do think that the next election will be vital. Sometimes, however, they are right; a point of no return is passed, things are changed irrevocably. This may well be the situation in Britain now. If the Labor Party wins again, the pattern and habit of collectivism will be set so firmly that no future Conservative government would be able, or would even try, to undo it.

The Socialists have always been quite frank that this was their aim. A "massive and irreversible shift of wealth and power" is what they want. It has happened already to a greater extent than many people realize. However, the shift of wealth and power has not been from the rich to the poor, but from individuals to the state and to the corporate entities of trade unionism and professional management. Mrs. Thatcher's brand of conservatism offers perhaps the last chance of breaking out of this pattern and moving back toward a freer society.

But the Labor Party may, in fact, win the next election. Only a few months ago the Conservatives seemed sure of victory. They had a lead of as much as 16 per cent in the opinion polls. Now the latest polls show the Conservatives and the Laborites absolutely neck-and-neck. So what happened? What has changed?

The first thing that happened was that the vain little men of the rump Liberal Party, fearing that an early elec-

tion would wipe them out altogether, and atavistically hating the Conservatives more than the Socialists, propped up Mr. Callaghan's government with a temporary "Lib-Lab pact"—which, as they are now beginning to realize, did nothing whatever for the cause of liberalism but simply enabled the Labor government to survive until its chance of winning an election was greatly improved.

What hasn't changed is the opinion of a considerable number of electors about the kind of Britain they want to live in. A crucial choice is going to be made, but it isn't going to be made on those grounds. The "floating" voters are not floating between a concept of conservatism and a concept of socialism, between a desire for freedom and a desire for the corporate state. They are just being blown about by headlines and an unsubstantial popular mood. The Labor Party's much improved electoral prospects are the result entirely of a sudden turnaround, real or apparent, in Britain's economic fortunes.

T HE RATE OF INFLATION has been considerably reduced, and is likely to come down still further during the next few months—before it starts going up again. The government claims credit for this reduction, attributing it mainly to the so-called "social contract," the political deal made with the unions, socialists speaking to socialists. But the truth is that the Labor government, which in its pursuit of votes had been blithely stoking the fires of inflation, was shocked into a degree of fiscal responsibility by the imminence of economic collapse and at the same time was sharply disciplined by the terms of the huge loan which it had been forced to seek from the International Monetary Fund.

The pound has recovered some of its strength against the dollar. The govern-

ment points to this recovery as proof of the world's renewed confidence in Britain and the Labor government. But the truth is that the strengthening of the pound has been caused chiefly by the windfall benefit of North Sea oil to Britain's balance of payments, and partly by the weakening of the dollar. The most immediate economic danger now is that the government may actually begin to believe its own propaganda, start to relax its painfully acquired financial discipline, and deliberately create yet another inflationary consumer-oriented boom in the pre-election period.

Britain's economic situation hasn't fundamentally changed at all. Inflation and unemployment remain appallingly high, with the seeds of further trouble already sown. Investment and growth remain very low, because there is almost no genuine after-tax return on capital.

The Labor Party believes that the cure lies in yet more political control, in make-work jobs, and in compulsory direction of investment. It also wants a Wealth Tax, the nationalization of banks and insurance companies, the confiscation of all profits from land development, import controls, and continual increases in public spending on everything except defense (which it would cut still further). The party is falling more and more into the hands of Marxists and fanatical egalitarians. The Labor government has been inhibited lately from doing what they want, partly by Mr. Callaghan's caution—but mainly by its lack of an absolute majority in the House of Commons. Thus, to suppose that such "moderation" would survive a clear win at the next election is the most flagrant illusion of all.

The leadership of the Conservative Party is, admittedly, not very inspiring. Mrs. Thatcher is surrounded by soft men, and she herself, though immensely energetic and tough, is by no means an original thinker. But, unless she wins the coming election, there is no hope of a free society in Britain. Britain will be irrevocably a corporate state, dragged down by the politics of envy. □

Mr. Lejeune is NATIONAL REVIEW's man in London.

WITH ALL THE recent uproar over rising health care costs, the idea of obtaining better medical care at substantially lower prices sounds like a gross improbability.

Such, however, would be the likely effect of a bill (HR-8544) promoted in the House of Representatives by Congressman Steve Symms of Idaho and co-sponsored by more than a hundred other members of that body. An identical bill (S-1683) has been offered in the upper chamber by Senators Jesse Helms of North Carolina, Barry Goldwater of Arizona, and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina. These bills would remove from the FDA the power to determine the "efficacy" of ethical drugs, limiting the agency to its more traditional role of policing safety.

In effect, the Symms and Helms proposals would restore the status quo ante in our drug law as it existed before adoption of the "efficacy" rule in 1962. This requirement was rammed through Congress in the wake of the Thalidomide scare of the early Sixties, which was completely irrelevant to the issue but provided the kind of emotional boost required to get the legislation passed. (Under the law as it was drawn in 1938, the FDA already had the power to control for safety; under this power Thalidomide could not be commercially marketed in the United States, and wasn't.)

The Law's Inefficacy

In the intervening 15 years, a considerable track record has been compiled on the 1962 amendments, suggesting they have been an unrelieved disaster. "Efficacy" is a complex and highly subjective matter, varying according to patient needs and physician diagnoses, and the task of proving it to the satisfaction of the FDA has proved tremendously time-consuming. The result has been a glacial slowdown in the introduction of beneficial drugs, with consequent suffering and loss of life that might otherwise have been avoided.

Suggesting the nature of the problem is the experience of Parke, Davis & Co., which in 1948 was able to get a new

drug licensed by submitting 73 pages of information to the FDA. In 1968, Parke, Davis had to present 72,200 pages of data to support its application for an anesthetic. Another company had to present 456 volumes of data, weighing 1.5 tons, to back an application for a muscle-relaxant. Compiling and sifting through these stacks of paper is an interminable process.

Moreover, the necessity of putting together such mountains of information and complying with the dictates of the FDA in general diverts resources to testing and retesting existing drugs that might be spent in developing new ones. Such diversion means not only that there is a time-lag in getting drugs to the market, but that many chemical entities that might otherwise be made available to the public are simply not going to be developed.

In support of his corrective proposal, Symms cites the findings of numerous scholars who have examined the 1962 amendments in detail. One such is economist Sam Peltzman of UCLA, who notes that since enactment of the "efficacy" standard the number of chemical entities coming on the American market has fallen sharply, from an average of 43 a year before the amendments to 16 a year since their adoption. Also, according to Peltzman, the number of new drug compounds arriving on the market has fallen from 301 to 92 per year.

Peltzman estimates that there has been at least a two-year lag in getting approval of new drugs that do come on the market. He concludes that thousands of Americans are suffering needlessly because they are being denied appropriate medication, and figures the economic cost in forgone benefits at something over \$200 million. Another \$50 million a year may be tacked on, he adds, through higher prices resulting from the government-forced decline in competition.

These researches are supported by Professors William Wardell and Louis Lasagna of the University of Rochester, who compared the recent experience of the United States in marketing new drugs with that of the United King-

dom. In a lengthy study published by the American Enterprise Institute, they found that numerous new drugs came on the English market first, with a mean lead time of 2.8 years over the United States. They also discovered that certain medications for asthma, heart disease, hypertension, gastric ulcer, and kidney disease were available in England but not in the United States.

As Representative Symms observes, "Penicillin, digitalis, aspirin, and insulin would not make it to the market under current Food and Drug Administration regulations if they were developed today . . . Sodium valproate, a drug marketed in most of the world's developed countries today . . . could prevent one million epileptic seizures this year, if it were available . . . Life-saving beta blockers, available in Europe, are still not available to the American medical profession . . ."

The Market's Efficacy

Professor Yale Brozen of the University of Chicago points out that the average cost of bringing a new drug to the American market has soared to \$23 million, compared to less than \$12 million before adoption of the efficacy standard, "A repeal of the 1962 amendments to the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act," he says, "would cut the cost of developing new drugs by one-half, would more than double the rate of introduction of new chemical entities, and would provide much less expensive methods of treating many conditions . . ."

All this is so, the scholars agree, because the marketplace is a much better monitor of efficacy than is the Federal Government: an efficacious drug is profitable, an inefficacious one is not. Patient-consumers and their physicians can be relied on to make these judgments far more rationally than do the planners at the FDA.

Representative Symms calls his legislation the "medical freedom of choice bill," which seems an apt summation. He might also call it a bill for better medical care, at prices American citizens can afford. □

Books Arts & Manners

The Therapeutic State

GEORGE GILDER

We can be sure that Christopher Lasch would not like us to weigh too carefully the Marxist buncombe with which he disguises, for the consumption of academia, this marvelously reactionary book on the family. Let us merely observe in passing that he depicts the medical, social welfare, and "child development" bureaucracies that beset and threaten the modern home—always at the behest of the political Left—as characteristic implements of "capitalism." He also claims that the shallow behaviorist sociology behind this invasion of the family is somehow inconsistent with the aims and insights of Marxism, itself the most influential of all behaviorist formulas. His arguments on these points, however, are too complex and unintelligent to be worth repeating in a review of this otherwise shrewd and brilliant critique of the pretensions of modern social science.

Where once in the human city a cathedral towered, and later the halls of legislation loomed, there now stands a hospital as "the symbolic center of society," the cathedral of the therapeutic state. It is not a simple vendor of medicine. To Lasch, the hospital, with its reach into the realms of public health and mental hygiene and its association with the "helping professions" of social welfare and education, symbolizes the dispossession of parents by vendors of "expertise" and special knowledge. The "doctor"—acting not as a physician but as an "expert therapist," whose social prescriptions pervade television, newspaper advice columns, best-selling books, and even church counseling sessions—asserts himself as the scientific voice of "reality" itself, and thus as an authority more formidable than any puritan moralist.

This "doctor" promulgates for the marriage bed new canons of sexual health and "fulfillment," disdains the instincts of maternity, spooks and spooks women who are raising children, and—in what will soon be seen as his most fatuous and revealing arrogance—impugns the very purity and nutritive worth of mother's milk, in favor of a bottled formula that can be wielded without discrimination by sex. He prescribes for every phase of childrearing a regimen of outside "development,"

demands attendance at secular schools, and shapes the curriculum of respectable learning. He offers his techniques of manipulation to the advertiser, the politician, the telecaster, and the social worker.

Impatient with the slow yield of the couch, our social therapist grandly transcends Freud and declares all society his patient. His job is to cure the entire social system of the fevers and irrationalities of romance and revela-

Haven in a Heartless World

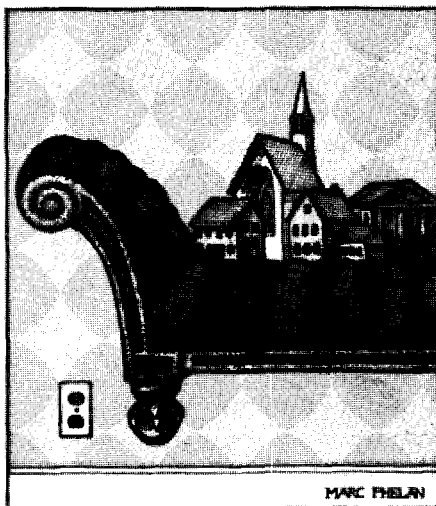
By Christopher Lasch

Basic Books, 189 pp., \$12.50

tion, sexism and parochialism. He discredits common sense and private competence. His role is to bring the family fully into the domain of secular expertise, to reduce it to a dependency of the therapeutic state.

This secular expertise, according to Lasch, gains its force from the regnant ideology of social science. This ideology views human beings as almost entirely the products of their environment: human ciphers ruled by Society, as interpreted by social scientists and as embodied in the institutions of social therapy—creatures whose natural spontaneity and kindness are perverted only by the morbid intensities, expectations, and sex-role transactions of the family.

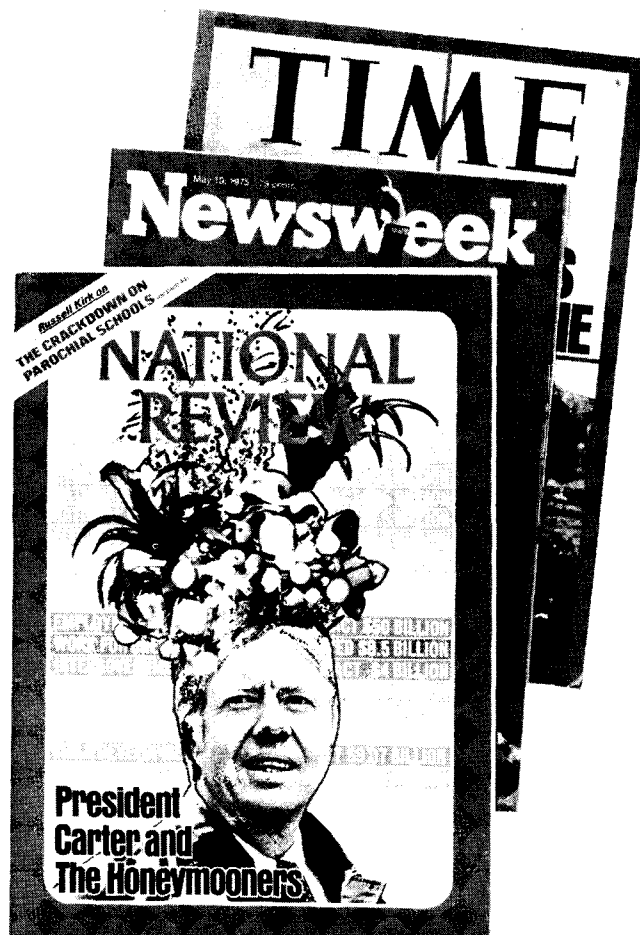
This view releases social policy from all its previous limits. The supposedly intractable forms and forces of the Freudian unconscious are banished; Sweet Reason in a white coat descends upon the House of Atreus; the two distinct sexes dissolve, for all public uses, into androgynous units to be plugged into the data bank; biological determinism is dismissed as a new bigotry; therapy displaces transcendence. The Cross is painted Red. The non-Freudian "doctor," the feminist, the social worker, the sex educator, the so-



Robert Atwan, a freelance writer, is working on an anthology of American literature. . . . **Aram Bakshian Jr.** is a Contributing Editor to *Washingtonian* magazine. . . . **George Gilder** is the author of *Sexual Suicide*. His forthcoming book is *Visible Man*, a non-fiction novel about post-racist America. . . . **Donald Hall**, a poet, is also a writer of prose about poets. . . . **Mitchell S. Ross** is the author of *The Literary Politicians*.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ **MORE FEBRUARY TITLES:** In *Remembering Poets: Reminiscences and Opinions—Dylan Thomas, Robert Frost, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound* (Harper, \$10), Donald Hall combines his critical talents with his gift for literary portraiture. It is an important and fascinating book. . . . Vivian Gornick, a columnist for *The Village Voice*, has written about 47 former members of the Communist Party and the “compellingly humanizing, then compellingly dehumanizing” life that their membership entailed in *The Romance of American Communism* (Basic, \$10.95). . . . James Reed describes, in *From Private Vice to Public Virtue* (Basic, \$17.50), the progress of the birth control movement in America. . . . David Frost’s “*I Gave Them a Sword*”: *Behind the Scenes of the Nixon Interviews* (Morrow, \$8.95) is the story of how the British TV star put together the famous Nixon shows of 1977.

■ **MORE MARCH TITLES:** John Lukacs’ 1945: *Year Zero* (Doubleday, \$8.95) is a study of five men (Churchill, Roosevelt,

Stalin, Truman, and Hitler) in the year 1945—a “global milestone” as Lukacs calls it—and the reverberations in postwar history of their thought and actions during that 12-month period. Lukacs is the author of numerous books, including *Historical Consciousness* and the recent, brilliant *The Last European War*. . . . James T. Flexner, the biographer of George Washington, is publishing *The Young Hamilton: A Biography* (Little, Brown, \$15). . . . Jacques Ellul argues, in *The Betrayal of the West* (Seabury, \$9.95), that the West is being destroyed by the stretching of its own premises to illogical absurdity. . . . In *Love and Sex: A Modern Jewish Perspective* (Farrar, \$8.95), Robert Gordis denies that there is a “Judaean-Christian tradition” of love and sex; he claims that the New Testament, with its celebration of celibacy as the highest ideal, departs from the ancient Jewish notion of marriage as the ideal human state. . . . When Hannah Arendt died in 1975, she had just finished work on the first two volumes of a projected trilogy, *The Life of the Mind*, which are now being published as *Thinking* and *Willing* (Harcourt, \$12.50 per volume, boxed set \$25). Volume III was to have been called *Judgment*.

ciologist, the behavioral psychologist, the marital counselor, the gynecologist, the pediatrician are all moving to socialize the means of reproduction, to seize them from the family: just as once before, so says Lasch, the capitalists socialized the means of production, moved them from the home to the factory—all the while proclaiming the ideology of Adam Smith to disguise this rape as near-divine “reality.”

Even if there are warps of caricature in his depiction of the experts, Lasch is essentially right about the inner logic and observable effect of their ascendancy. The authorities on child-rearing, for example, remain today in almost complete confusion on the subject, with new fashions and theories emerging so often that any mother who tried to follow them would tie herself and her children in knots. As Lasch points out, the effect of the new science of parenting is to destroy the confidence of the mother and father without solving their problems, thus making their situation worse. The educationists, too, twiddle their theories while test scores plummet. Television opens new vistas of social manipulation—allegedly for good or ill, but it seems to be a disaster in its impact on the learning process. Most

of the agencies of social welfare and service find themselves exacerbating the problems they rush to treat.

In other words, the invasion of the home is explained not by its benefits, nor by any necessary collapse of parental effectiveness, but chiefly by the drive for power of a new class of professionals. Obviously, the analogy to capitalism founders here, since industrialization conferred spectacular material benefits that, according to Lasch, even provide the basis for a new and better form of society; while the usurpation of the family by the expert, Lasch suggests, leaches out of the contemporary personality the “imagination and energy” needed to exploit the new opportunities.

Lasch believes that democratic politics depend on the maintenance of the family, not merely as “a haven in a heartless world” but also as the matrix of individuals with conscience and character, immune to manipulation by the state. Much of his book, therefore, is devoted to a tenacious and resourceful defense of Freud’s theory of an individual unconscious, turbid and irrational, unreachable by social policy, but malleable in the intense inner heat of familial sexuality and conflict.

It is a theory not only of individual psychology but also of cultural transmission and social change. Only the patriarchal family, says Lasch, can dependably enact the oedipal drama by which the conflicts of the unconscious are tamed and transcended in the forms of conscience and super-ego—the individual expressions of civilization. Frustrating the oedipal drives finally unleashes the romantic passions of love and idealism that lead to visions of personal redemption and change for society. But these visions do not issue in the empty gestures of defiance typical of the New Left. The oedipally tempered personality understands and respects authority while also seeing beyond it. He understands through experience the necessary fusion of discipline and love that is at once the epitome of the patriarchal father and the inspiration of a stable democratic politics of reform.

State coercion, Lasch contends, is the inevitable, ironic harvest of the liberal drive for a rational and therapeutic order. Attempting to reduce family life to mere companionship, recreational sex, and reciprocal services—all devoid of the profound and passionate workings of real sexuality and love—the social therapists destroy the essential mechanisms both of civic responsibility and of constructive change. Such families, Lasch persuasively shows, leave all the compulsive rages of the unconscious unresolved, until they emerge in the crimes and psychological disorders characteristic of a society in which neither love nor discipline can be long sustained and the rise of despotism is just a matter of time.

TODAY, HOWEVER, the chief resistance to the invasion of the “doctors” comes not from the bastions of psychoanalysis—the defenders of the Freudian unconscious—but from the reawakening of religion in America. Religion is the patriarchal corrective that can still flourish redemptively whenever the familial father is pushed aside. The chief flaw of Lasch’s difficult but rewarding book is its entrapment by the claims and limitations of secular psychoanalysis, against which could be made a complementary case in religious terms just as true as his own splendid refutation of contemporary social science. □

It's No Sin to Be Rich: A Defense of Capitalism

By William Davis

Thomas Nelson, 264 pp., \$8.95

LOVE BITES

D. KEITH MANO

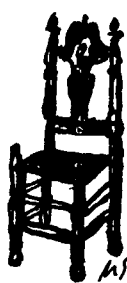
There's a thing peculiar to felines called "third eyelid." A cloudy membrane that will glide up/over each pupil. It's the dead-sure symptom of *mal de chat*: of disinterest in mice, in refrigerator door openings. I get third eyelid when presented with any book on economics, left-wing, right-wing, or old Princeton single-wing. Wave your watch, say "John Maynard Keynes" once, and I'm susceptible to post-hypnotic suggestion. In fact, you could leave the watch out. Yet I found *It's No Sin to Be Rich* quite engrossing. Enjoyable, pungent: about as painful as love bites. Which made me think—prejudice or paranoia—that it can't be a very important book.

Perhaps *No Sin* has too much of a "Wealthy Men I Have Known" swagger about it. There is, as well, the white sound heard in *New Yorker* profile writing: not full profiles, half a nose here, a weak chin there, three-paragraph rags-to-Gucci sketches. These do have their purpose, though. Davis, a British financial editor, means to prove that self-seeking energy and innovation—even gorgeous eccentricity—are valuable; that they depend on free market (or mixed free market) metabolism. Most radical artists will acknowledge this, at least implicitly. Play or novel, more often than not there has to be one Daddy Warbucks character with resources that could buy a 1978 Mercedes Deus ex Machina. This character is probably evil; he is also probably the one interesting force around. For art's sake no theme will bore better than downtrodden masses; particularly when they unite chainless in an inconspicuous consumption of everything but rhetoric. Successful entrepreneurs fascinate; moreover, their will and capital Ex-Lax society's sluggish digestive tract. Your worst leveler is curious about them: there are exploits in exploitation: Time, Inc. didn't put out *Prole* magazine.

Bring-you-up-short anecdotes give

the book an amphetamine hum. Cherish this one about Lord Rothschild and distributive socialism. "A cloth-cap worker stormed into his office with the words: 'We are going to take your money and divide it.' Rothschild took a pound note from his pocket and said, 'There are forty million people in this land and I have forty million pounds. Here is your share; now get out.'" Yet Davis' selected-short-subject style could brown-out his book. A terse chapter re Keynes, Marx, trade unionism, small business, each set between Ragged-Dick-on-the-way-up narration. Structure is from a cutting room floor, jumpy: the book is rather like a newspaper serial excerpt of itself.

What keeps *No Sin* from fragging apart is a genial enthusiasm for the free market, verrucas and all. I would agree with virtually everything Davis has to say: except his optimistic contention that Communism won't score, standing, as it does now, first and one on our 15-yard line. "The assumption that Communism must triumph everywhere—and, once established, cannot be exorcised or even moderated—is, I believe, totally mistaken." Well, I dunno. If you count on self-interest and ambition, there is cat-swinging room enough for that in Soviet Russia. True, one can't open a McDonald's chain, but you can backscratch your way up the bureaucratic ramp. To own cars, to drive them down VIP highway



lanes, may ultimately represent more power than Ray Kroc could ever mobilize. Most significant, though: Davis is English. "Britain's sad experience, which prompted me to write this book, surely holds important—and, I hope, useful—lessons for America." That's all Ungreat Britain is now: an ugly object lesson: severed heads on the battlement.

Yet Davis has muffed a point: a point first driven through my cerebrum by Wyndham Lewis. It is hinted at in Davis' title ("Sin"), but only there. I.e.: that socialism, British socialism expressly, has an honest Christian parentage. The New Testament seconds it again and again: "Sell all"; "easier for poor men to enter paradise than for a needle to go through the eye of a

camel"; whatever. Early British socialists, reassured by Christian doctrine and world-view, set up their (union) shop in good faith, trusting that those who were to follow would honor New Testament morality and the larger social tissue adhering around it. They didn't, of course: their epigones honored Mammon and not much else. But—Carnegie libraries notwithstanding—Christians, once their proselytizing spirit had gone, were left intellectually helpless before materialist socialism (in this life at least). Arabs don't think that way: their religion isn't defeatist. Nor do Communists, with their conveniently immanentized eschaton. It's a bitter, troubling paradox for any Christian conservative to touch. I wish Davis had tried.

The book, Davis says, was written for laymen. I doubt that it will have much impact. The laymen who do read it probably subscribe to *Fortune* anyhow. And economists, planners, politicians only respect a book they can't understand. □

The Washington Post: The First Hundred Years

By Chalmers M. Roberts

Houghton Mifflin, 468 pp., \$15.95

THE CANARY THAT SWALLOWED THE CAT

MITCHELL S. ROSS

In the beginning, the *Washington Post* upheld the standards of the Democratic Party and conservatism. (In 1877, of course, this was no contradiction.) Stilson Hutchins, who named his son for Robert E. Lee, thought that Washington needed a Democratic paper, and he had enough money to get one started. The *Post* declared itself opposed to "socialism, communism and rowdyism, idlerism and loaferism." The Molly Maguires were denounced as "communists." An editorial of 1879 treated the Indian question with that grouchy indignation which is so characteristic of conservative writing: "The War Department should take charge of the Indians and teach them the stern lesson that he who will not work shall not eat." The

departure of Rutherford B. Hayes from office prompted this charitable epitaph: "Exit Hayes, the fraud. Eternal hatred to his memory."

In 1889 the *Post* was sold; never again would the Democratic Party enjoy such staunch friendship with the paper. Soon the *Post* was endorsing McKinley over the roaring Bryan; its conservatism remained intact. *Post* editorialists hooted at the government's "paternalistic schemes." In 1903, upon the death of owner Beriah Wilkins, the paper declared that it would continue "with conservatism and progress its watchword."

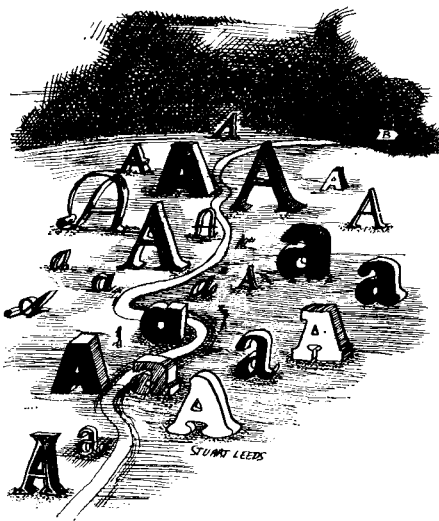
INSTEAD the *Post* was sold to John Roll McLean, who converted it into an ersatz Hearst paper, and whose son nearly finished it off completely. Ned McLean was among the worst publishers in American history. His friendship with Harding and the gang proved disastrous, and ended with the publisher testifying weakly before the congressional committee which investigated the Teapot Dome affair. Alcohol completed the work that stupidity had begun; McLean was chased from the paper by his own family, was committed to the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital in Towson, Maryland, and died there, at the age of 55, in 1941.

Eight years earlier, the *Post* had been sold to Eugene Meyer, the financier, whose dynasty still rules. At the time, the paper was down to as few as 12 pages. Meyer was starchy but not at all cheap. In a few years he was making money, and the paper's history has been fairly glorious ever since. This has not kept the *Post* from occasionally embarrassing itself. Meyer and Franklin Roosevelt disliked each other, but this was not the cause of the typographical error which popped up in one early edition. Roosevelt was suffering from a cold, but the *Post's* headline noted, "Roosevelt in Bed with Coed." The President got word of this, and called and asked for a hundred copies to show his friends. He never got them, as *Post* minions were sent scurrying about the city to collect the papers.

The climax of the Meyer era came in 1954, when the *Post* bought the *Times-Herald* from Colonel McCormick and assumed pre-eminence among Washington newspapers; Walter Lippmann cabled from Europe: "Hooray for the canary that swallowed the cat." By this time Philip Graham, who had

married Meyer's daughter Katharine, was running the paper, and liberals were in the saddle. Graham rejected Westbrook Pegler's column, but otherwise consolidated the *Times-Herald's* stars without difficulty.

However, Graham, a manic-depressive according to the psychiatrists, became increasingly deranged as the years passed; the failure to avoid violence during the school integration of Little Rock in 1957 upset him deeply. In later years he started babbling insults at President Kennedy over the phone. He left Katharine for a fling with a secretary from *Newsweek*, which the *Post* company had bought in 1961. Finally he was committed to a mental institution, which did no good. In 1963 he shot himself and Katharine assumed the regency. Her most important acts were the dumping of Alfred Friendly in favor of Ben Bradlee in 1965, and her support of Woodward and Bernstein. Bradlee has been primarily responsible for the paper's improvement over the past decade. In a few years Donald Graham, now 32, will assume command.



This long chronicle is told by Chalmers M. Roberts, who reported for the paper for 23 years. At times he gets too ambitious, and hints that he is telling us the story of Washington and the United States over the last century, but really this book is not at all pretentious and is quite amiable. It lacks such qualities as selectivity and critical bite, but it is perhaps too much to expect these things of a family chronicle. Otherwise Roberts' long hours pawing through the morgue have been well spent. □

POESY

Robert Frost: The Work of Knowing
By Richard Poirier

Oxford, 288 pp., \$11.95

The Situation of Poetry

By Robert Pinsky

Princeton, 187 pp., \$11.50

Five Temperaments

By David Kalstone

Oxford, 225 pp., \$10.95

POETIC CONVENTIONS

DONALD HALL

Americans are uncomfortable with poetry ("My wife, she likes that sort of thing . . ."). Because we are uncomfortable about being uncomfortable, we adopt and praise one or two poets a generation—as long as they don't *act* like poets.

What is it to "act like a poet"? To cry? To make flowery observations about landscape? To take everything seriously? To take nothing seriously? When a poet becomes a public drunk, like Dylan Thomas or John Berryman, or when a poet parades his lechery, grabbing for groupies at the campus party, he is acting like a regular fellow; colleges love him and news magazines write him up. Lecherous, drunken poets have become a new convention; but even so, people retain the notion of poets as lofty, aloof, disdainful, spiritual, limp, remote, and snooty. *Time* used to tell us, every week or two, that James Dickey was a former football hero.

Robert Frost, neither drunk nor lecher, was the darling of public America for forty-odd years; he didn't "act like a poet." Frost *acted* all right, but he acted a part he created: partly out of a classical education (the Roman poet in the country is a pastoral figure and a living reproach to urban decadence); partly out of shrewd intuitions about the marketplace; and partly from his own poetic contrariness.

Now, Frost was a sophisticated, rivalrous, learned, calculating literary man. He played the gifted bumpkin, the witty hick, the smart farmer in the joke who outfoxes city folks, the hayseed Homer, the benign bard, the cracker-barrel Milton—to the living applause of college audiences and journalists. Of course

fter his death—and after a malicious
ree volumes of biography—his old
dmirers felt themselves looking fool-
sh, and did penance by reviling the
nan who had fooled them.

But these conventions concern the
poet's pose, not his poetry; it is high
time for Frost's poetry to take the stage.
If Frost didn't act like a poet, he wrote
like one. Richard Poirier's *Robert Frost*,
subtitled *The Work of Knowing*, calls
Frost a great poet, and proves the
point, quoting and analyzing great lines,
relating themes, seeing far and deep
into single poems. It is the best book
about Frost, especially revealing about
his early work. Poirier sends us back
to *A Boy's Will*, and, throughout Frost's
work, he calls attention to good poems
generally overlooked, and he contrib-
utes new scrutiny to old chestnuts. It is
a refreshment to read Poirier, even if
you know Frost well and have loved
him well; this new voice speaking of
old poems reveals their energy and
vigor.

If you have not come to Frost—if,
like many people, you were put off by
Frost's play-acting, and by the glad
swoons of his admirers—you could do
no better than to return to Frost with

Poirier's voice in your ears. He admires
profoundly, and he is sharply critical.
He grasps things essential, like Frost's
sexuality, but he does not spend himself
in searching for novel gimmicks. He is
without academic affectation.

But the book is not without fault;
writing and editing are careless. Poir-
ier's prose is graceless, and at moments
it wanders into ambiguity. One needs
to reread certain sentences in order to
discern the antecedent of a pronoun.
Such a weakness in one's prose is not
mortal; many intelligent people lack the
social skills of prose. Editors and help-
ful friends can repair writers' gaffes.
But there is no evidence that this book
has been edited or proofread. "Gram-
mar" is twice misspelled, and other
proof hacks abound.

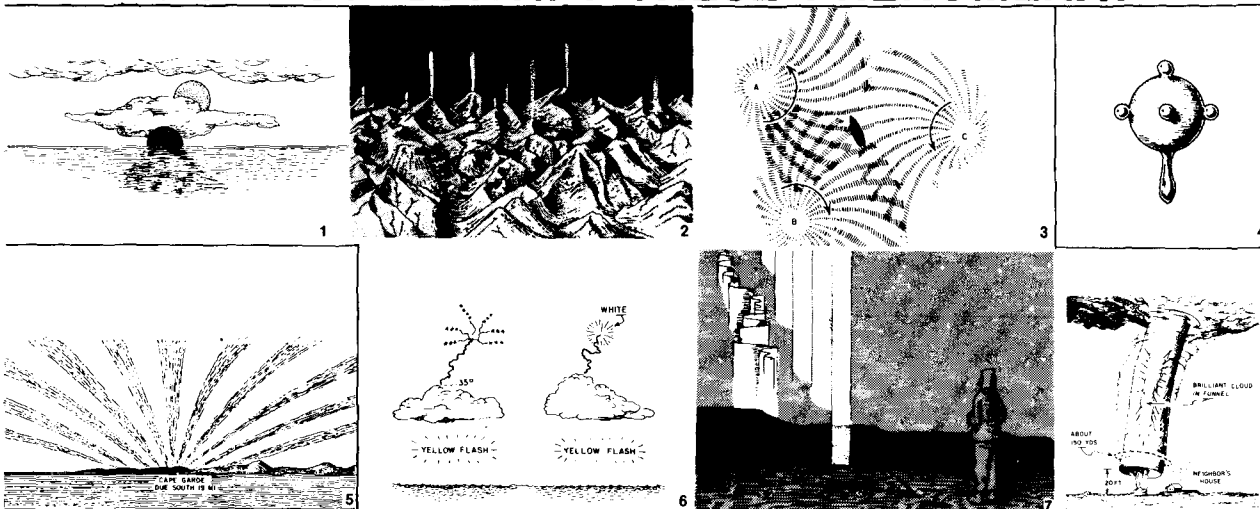
But Poirier's sensitive and shrewd
grasp of his subject survives a clumsy
text. He loves the best Frost, the poet
of power and thrust, energy and war-
iness. His individual redactions of great
poems like "Design" and "The Most of
It" and "After Apple Picking" make
this book a resumption of our real
struggle to understand and make use of
one of our greatest poets, for too long
partly shadowed by partisanship which

concentrated on the masks he wore.

Poirier speaks of Frost's attraction to
oblivion—the dark and lovely woods—
and his rejection of it. Much recent
American poetry, on the contrary, seeks
and achieves surrender to the other,
through Keats's negative capability sur-
rendering ego, and with it ego's con-
trols. Robert Pinsky in his intelligent,
shapely *The Situation of Poetry* de-
plores this Romantic endeavor of our
poetry, with a complex argument I can-
not do justice to. As an assessment of
the contemporary poetic scene, Pinsky's
book runs contrary to much of my own
taste, contrary to my prejudices, con-
trary to my fixed ideas—and I welcome
it, I hug it to myself, I even love it. Oh,
for an intelligent foe! Everything I care
for is weighed, worked over, and dis-
carded—I read him doing happy battle.

On the other hand, David Kalstone's
Five Temperaments will do as an exam-
ple of most literary criticism, most of
the time. It is useless: conventional,
timid, repeating commonplaces of aca-
demic taste. He discusses and praises
five worthy poets: Bishop, Lowell, Mer-
rill, Rich, and Ashbery. But this is *The
New York Review of Books'* shortlist,
virtually intact; and Kalstone has noth-

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE PHENOMENA?



IDENTIFICATIONS

1. Double sun. 2. Andes Glow. 3. Indian
Ocean rotating light wheels. 4. Odd-shaped
hail. 5. Polar-aligned cirrus clouds. 6. Rocket
lightning. 7. Aurora at Earth's surface. 8.
Tornado light column.

DATA SOURCES

The complete files of *Nature*, *Science*,
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- Unexplained mirages and haloes
- Solitary waves
- Earthquake lights
- Nocturnal lights
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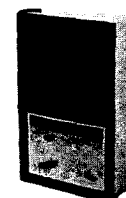
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ing to say that has not been agreed to, with conventional lack of thought, by six dozen reviewers.

Let me end with an irrelevant observation, occasioned by Kalstone's selected poets. If the bastions of privilege in the United States are falling, if prep schools and Ivy League colleges no longer provide leadership in government and industry and finance, poetry appears to sustain the old elite. Of Kalstone's fashionable five, three-fifths matriculated at Radcliffe/Harvard. The two outlanders, poor things, are graduates of Vassar and Amherst. □

Day by Day

By Robert Lowell

Farrar, 138 pp., \$8.95

'MEMORY IS GENIUS'

ROBERT ATWAN

At a reading in New York City last winter, Robert Lowell patiently guided the audience through an abundant selection of his poetry, old and very recent, stopping continually along the way to track a particularly private passage, smoke out a furtive allusion. Nearly every poem required some autobiographical exertion, as Lowell moved back and forth from lines to life, life to lines. Soon, imperceptibly, the improvisational self-disclosure began to melt into the poetry, blurring the edges between commentary and verse the way a Steinberg cartoon absorbs its own composition. So many anecdotal footnotes, so many personal reminiscences: at one point Lowell shruggingly observed, "Memory is genius."

It was meant to be a self-effacing remark, calculated to deflate conventional notions of creative genius as much as to elevate the less glamorous faculty of memory. But Lowell recognized that memory could be a quirky power. Unarranged and unembellished, always slipping in and out of tidy literary and biographical formulations, memory could just as easily inhibit verse as inspire it, trapping the imagination in endless cul-de-sacs of private associations. From his selections and ruminations that evening it seemed pretty clear that memory was beginning

to crowd Lowell, pressing down on him like the embracing arm of a clingy drunken acquaintance at an interminable reception. If a poetic voice can be described visually, then Lowell's was starting to flatten out, to resonate with all the *timbre* of an Instamatic snapshot.

That this effect was not simply the result of a characteristically diffident reading style but had something to do with the conscious surrendering of a once vigorous imagination to the capricious authority of brute memory can now be more systematically detected in *Day by Day*. This volume, released just a few weeks before Lowell's fatal heart attack in mid-September, continues the running autobiography he set going with *The Dolphin* (1973). In that Pulitzer Prize-winning sequence of unrhymed sonnets, Lowell recorded his marriage (his third) to the British writer Caroline Blackwood, his move to England, and the birth of his son, Sheridan. Now in *Day by Day*, though not in so metrically homogeneous a fashion, Lowell extends his "verse autobiography" to document the dissolution of that union, a backward-glancing trip to New York and Boston, a mental collapse in England, and a delicate recovery.

But verbs like "record" and "document" travel mainly in journalistic circles and don't mix well with the fragmented, hesitant, provisional quality

of this poetry. For all its brushes with straightforward autobiographical narrative, *Day by Day* is characterized more by what it leaves out, or rather closes off, than by what it opens to. It is a poetry primarily of occlusions, not exclusions; of incidental perceptions, disconnected facts, snatches of conversation—all of memory's loosening plaque, which periodically clots the flow of consciousness. Images and epigrams, though they often emerge with a surprising luminosity, do not become consequential for they have never circulated organically in some larger, more public, system of references. Here, as in much of his later poetry, Lowell relies heavily on ellipses; these not only mark off autobiographical interstices, but, as the typographical augmentation of periods, reinforce the impression of dead ends.

A SENSE OF HELPLESSNESS, incapacitation, rejection hangs over the entire volume and especially governs the mood of the long title sequence. The poet's, the man's, imagination has dropped to degree zero, where there is no help from Freud or Jung (both of whom make cameo appearances), where friends and family can make no vital contact, where classics and Catholicism can offer no consolation ("Where you are going, Professor, / You won't need your Dante"), where previously reliable literary conventions prove useless:

Those blessed structures, plot and
rhyme—
Why are they no help to me now
I want to make
Something imagined, not recalled?

Mere retentiveness, not creative imagination, determines the shape and content of this sparse poetry. Lowell's is no longer a memory rich with literary possibilities, vivified by the ancient and modern history that furnished him with what seemed like inexhaustible material in *Life Studies* (1959) and *For the Union Dead* (1964), the two volumes for which he is best known and from which anthologists will still be most inclined to draw. In *Day by Day*, the poetic voice is exhausted, obsessed by its own diminution, preoccupied with its own verbal operations.

Besides the title sequence, the volume contains two shorter sections and a brief appendix of Lowellian "trans-



tions." The poems in the first two sections include recollections of literary friends (Peter Taylor, John Berryman, Robert Penn Warren) and literary former wives (Jean Stafford, who receives a particularly unflattering verse letter, and Elizabeth Hardwick). There is also a handful of pieces about and/or dedicated to some of the other "living names" who figure in the "home-photographs." All of these poems, too, are shaped by Lowell's recombinant flashes of memory and whatever autobiographical confabulations they have momentarily brought into focus. Most of them, moreover, are organized around what by now has become a Lowell trademark—the confidential, abrasively intimate second person address ("You lie in my insomniac arms . . ."). The "you" may at times be a close friend, a casual acquaintance, a former wife, a literary figure, but it is never, as it often is in a more communicative poet like Robert Frost, the poor, faithful reader. Lowell, despite inflated critical claims about his public role, has always been an intimatingly private poet. In *Day by Day*, the aristocratic Lowell privacy has grown even more awesome, more disorienting. □

AMERICANA

To Covet Honor: A Biography of Alexander Hamilton

By Holmes Alexander

Western Islands, 473 pp., \$12

HOMAGE TO A PRACTICAL PATRIOT

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

When it comes to the Founding Fathers, we all have our pet likes and dislikes. Worthy though he was, John Adams has always struck me as a bit too much of a nervous prig. As for Thomas Jefferson, despite his undeniable brilliance and his oft-proclaimed distaste for the seamy side of politics—a side he knew well and never hesitated to use against his opponents, no matter how many crocodile tears he shed afterward—there is something vulpine and slightly devious about him that repels

me. Washington, while morally admirable and the perfect father-figure for the new nation, had a tendency to founder rather than found when not assisted by more sophisticated, articulate associates.

OF THESE ASSOCIATES, none better combined intellect and action than Alexander Hamilton. A West Indian bastard of uncertain parentage, young Hamilton started life with the cards stacked against him. According to today's conventional sociological wisdom, he would qualify as a victim of an uncaring society, someone expected to resort to a life of crime or dissipation as a matter of course and capable of succeeding only by funneling off anti-poverty funds from some ill-administered federal program or by duping local welfare officials.

Instead, Hamilton educated himself, emigrated to America, and—besides playing a pivotal role in the establishment of the United States—became an uncanny historical projection of the role America and Americans were destined to grow into in the century after his death. Whereas Adams was shackled to the gnarled puritan roots of his New England background and Jefferson was obsessed with the already doomed vision of a nation of yeoman farmers and squires (how much, one wonders, would the Master of Monticello, who never could make the place pay for itself even with slave labor, have idealized the rural life if he had had to live the life of a real dirt farmer?), it was Hamilton who personified the expansive, optimistic, inventive, and—not to put too fine a point on it—pushingly adventurous nature of the nascent American nation.

That he did so with charm, self-taught good manners, and a generous spirit is all the more to his credit and must have made him better company at table than the prickly Adams or the aloof Jefferson. Yet, even in his own short lifetime, Hamilton suffered from a bad press, which typecast him as a ruthless, almost Hobbésian misanthrope—a cynical economic elitist totally lacking in human compassion. Now veteran author and columnist Holmes Alexander has come to the rescue with a thorough, admirably researched, and highly

readable biography of the brave ban-tam who, in a span of less than fifty years, excelled as a soldier, statesman, economist, diplomat, propagandist, political manager, practical philosopher, and—not the least of his winning qualities, in comparison with many of his stuffy constitutional compeers—as an unabashed lady's man and *bon vivant*.

No less a judge of men and events than Talleyrand would write of him, "I consider Napoleon, Fox, and Hamilton

the three greatest men of our era, and if I had to choose among the three, I would without hesitation give Hamilton first place." Certainly, by first helping to formulate the theoretical framework of the United States—the Constitution—and by then doing more

than any of his contemporaries to organize and administer the first Federal Government, he has left the most positive historical legacy of the three.

As a man who has known political, military, and literary life first-hand, Holmes Alexander is the ideal guide in rediscovering this full-blooded and thoroughly engaging man, this indefatigable and eminently practical patriot. In his preface, Mr. Alexander captures some of the lure of Hamilton's character, and the importance of his story:

It may sound frivolous, but one of the factors which drew me to try a biography of Hamilton was the location of his statue. It stands on the south or rear side of the Treasury Department building, while the Jeffersonian Albert Gallatin stands high at the front . . . overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue, the route of every heroic parade. Much of what was wrong with the country, I thought, stemmed from the deference to Gallatin, a democrat, over Hamilton, a republican—using these terms in the nonpartisan sense.

Referring to his earlier biographies of Martin Van Buren and Aaron Burr, Mr. Alexander concludes:

Politics provides many subjects for satire and studies of the sinister, but the big stories of history are the heroic, often tragic ones. We sometimes have reason to think that the scoundrels outnumber us—that they are too clever for us, and must overcome the men of good will. But it didn't happen that way to Hamilton. Dying, he drove Burr to flight



and disgrace. Remembered, as I hope this book will show, he can make better Americans of us all.

During a year spent as a consultant to former Treasury Secretary William Simon, I occasionally met Holmes Alexander passing the Hamilton and Gallatin statues, his roseate countenance beaming enthusiasm for this then-unfinished work, about which we often chatted. I am happy to report that the finished product is everything I hoped it would be, and I heartily commend it to anyone who enjoys seeing historical justice done—and to that considerably larger group of readers who simply like to curl up with a good biography. □

THE MOVIES

TOO SMALL FOR THEIR BRITCHES

JOHN SIMON

A trio of new American films is conspicuous without being noteworthy. The three all have energy, drollness, and flashiness; what they lack is an original—or, at least believable—vision, textual and moral consistency, and that almost perennial American desideratum, adulthood. Even in such a basically frothy genre as farce, the Europeans can (or could) give us grown-ups behaving childishly. In American farce, we get children pretending to be adults.

Take Neil Simon's latest contribution to the screen, *The Goodbye Girl*. Marsha Mason plays a not-so-young Broadway musical-comedy dancer who has lost out both with her ex-husband, the father of ten-year-old Lucy, and with the actor-lover who just walked

out on her. We are to believe that in this day and age one marriage and one prolonged affair constitute a checkered sexual history—for a Broadway dancer, of all people!—and that these two failed relationships prove our heroine to be a “goodbye girl” who brings some kind of undermining pessimism to her involvements with men.

Here is a subject rich with possibilities, but Simon makes almost nothing of them. His protagonist is simply a hard-bitten woman (though not sexually so: like the good Jewish puritan he is, Simon insists on quasi-virginal heroines) who has had bad luck with men and jobs. When Richard Dreyfuss, as a young Chicago actor getting his first crack at off-Broadway as Shakespeare's Richard III, arrives on a rainy night to claim Mason's apartment (the rat who ran out on her sublet it to him), immediate hatred springs up between the predestined lovers. Eventually, they uneasily compromise by sharing the apartment, each grudgingly adapting to the other's quirks. Hers—quite improbably—include balking at Dreyfuss' female visitors; his include Zen chants and nocturnal guitar strumming which helps him sleep and keeps others awake. Finally, it is his tantrums against her tantrums; all of which amounts to meeting cute, co-existing cute, and, eventually, getting involved cute, in which the daughter is, naturally, a cute catalyst.

Virtually none of the film's comedy stems from what the characters are supposed to be about. The ambitious young actor falls in love like a lamb, which makes the goodbye girl, who does worry a mite overmuch (but only a mite), no longer a scold, or ungiving, or a saboteur of relationships. Everything glibly ends well, and the jokes are mostly set pieces. Our hero, to satisfy a crazy, avant-garde director, must play Richard as a flaming queen; our hero-

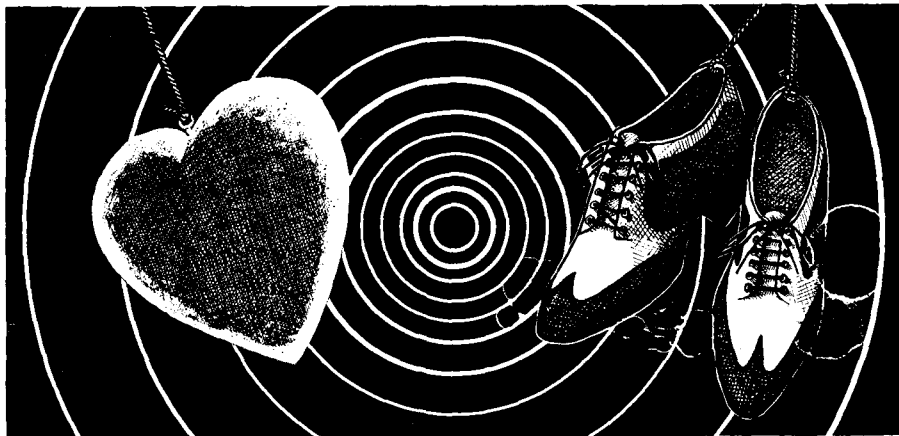
ine, obliged to sell cars at an auto show, forgets her spiel, and is saved from the sack only by Dreyfuss' witty impersonation of an enthusiastic customer. The fun—good or bad—is exorbitant, adventitious; some of it moreover, is as hoary as lovers squabbling in the street with passers-by getting into the act.

Still, good performances, especially from Dreyfuss and little Quinn Cummings; serviceable, unpretentious direction from Herbert Ross; and, of course, some undeniably droll gags from Neil Simon do add up to a tolerable movie. But it could have been so much more.

NEXT, CONSIDER Mel Brooks's latest, *High Anxiety*, a much more febrile farce, purporting to be a take-off on the films of Alfred Hitchcock. Already the premise is questionable: how can you satirize something that is as neat, taut, efficacious—even witty—as the best of Hitchcock? Significantly, the only fully successful bits of parody concern scenes from *Psycho* and *The Birds*, two of Hitch's more outrageous items. For the rest, the main merriment is irrelevant to Hitchcock, and often talks down to the audience, as when a speaker at a psychiatric congress feels obliged to use babytalk terms for certain bodily functions because a couple of kids have strayed into the audience. On the other hand, a sight gag like the photomurals behind the rostrum representing psychiatry's giants—Freud, Jung, Adler, Rank, and Joyce Brothers—is funny because it dares to be mystifying to the ten-year-olds.

Brooks plays a Harvard psychiatrist entrusted with running a weird California mental institution where the sadistic head nurse and her masochistic lover (one of the staff psychiatrists) murdered the previous director, and are now devising Brooks's demise. Brooks has acrophobia, and the sanatorium is atop a beetling oceanside cliff—hence the film's title, and some dizzy allusions to Hitchcock's *Vertigo*. There is a romance between Brooks and Madeline Kahn, as the plucky daughter of an unjustly institutionalized millionaire, himself earmarked for murder. Little of this is adult comedy, though some of it does elicit our childish laughter.

Occasionally, though, we get a glimpse of mature funniness, as in a song Brooks performs with the band in a cocktail lounge to impress his lady-love. Written (both words and music)



by Brooks, and called "High Anxiety," it is the ultimate send-up of those irrelevant and nonsensical title songs that nowadays clutter up movies, and Brooks renders it with the appropriate dastardly aplomb that requires a microphone to make obscene love to, a trailing cord to be swished about behind one like a train of royal ermine, members of the audience to be inanely flirted with, and a dance floor across which one sashays like a randy gazelle.

IN A DIFFERENT VEIN, *Saturday Night Fever* is supposed to be an exposé of how working-class kids in a poorer Brooklyn neighborhood find outlets in things like disco dancing, intermittently leavened with a little gang warfare, back-seat copulation, and the performing of *rites de passage* on the parapet of Verazzano Bridge. The hero, Tony, played by the latest heart-throb, John Travolta, comes from an oppressive, mutually face-slapping, Catholic blue-collar family, whose dreariness is made neither believable nor sufficiently quaint to be successful caricature. It is only at the 2001 Odyssey discotheque that Tony, a splendidly feline dancer, feels fully in his element, particularly if he can get

for his partner and girlfriend a snooty young woman (Karen Lynn Gorney), who, because she has a questionable job in Manhattan and some garbled rudiments of cocktail-party erudition, acts vastly superior to him.

The film chronicles the events through which boy finally gets not only girl, but also escape from family and Brooklyn into fabled Manhattan, which has not been so glorified as the Promised Land since Whitman stopped rhapsodizing about it. It is all, I am afraid, poppycock; the move to Manhattan for today's Brooklyn kids would hardly be a medieval quest through the Forest Perilous, only a chthonian subway ride. What is truly dismaying, though, is the script by Norman Wexler (*Joe, Mandingo*), which patronizes young and old alike, although the dialogue does have its scattered pungencies. Not even the disco scenes are done with sufficient choreographic abandon—the director, John Badham, opts for mushy sentimentality on the dance floor. But Travolta does give an exceptionally convincing performance, a seamless blend of cockiness and vulnerability. What remains to be seen is whether it is really acting, or merely type-casting. □

TELEVISION

FATHER KNOWS BEST

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Last fall's TV season opened with a great to-do about a new series, *Soap*. The to-do, in fact, began before the season did, when word leaked out that the show would feature things like the attempted seduction of a priest. Looking back on the premature fuss, Dwight Whitney, in *TV Guide*, pointed out acidly that none of the protestors had seen what they were protesting. To which one might retort that if you hear that an act of intercourse is going to be televised, you can object without tuning in to see whether the participants adopt the missionary position. Don't get me wrong: I don't mind if sodomy is explicitly depicted, as long as it is done in good taste.

Still, Mr. Whitney had a certain point. The butt of *Soap* is of course the soap opera, with its anxious invention (and exploitation) of petty perversities. Not only Catholics but many



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others, including gay libbers, protested, since *Soap* had something to offend nearly everyone, if taken in a spirit not intended by the show's creators. What is that spirit? Apparently the by-now familiar one: (harmlessly) Bold, (mildly) Outrageous, (innocuously) Irreverent, (victimlessly) Satirical, (pointlessly) Parodic. I have watched four episodes, been offended only once, laughed a few times, given up. No more.

What's the matter with it? It isn't, to my mind, offensive. It isn't without wit. The actors are funny. But the basic idea is pretty feeble: Why send up soap operas week after week? *Serial* parody? Too precious. The charge of exaggeration can't be renewed for long. The caricature is compounded so relentlessly that the original features are forgotten, the joke obscured. And you can hardly stay interested in characters whose quirks and adventures are treated with such uniform archness. Besides, TV sated my appetite for double-entendres about eight years ago. The old how-did-this-slip-by-the-censors? magic has long since worn off. The bawdy deeds and misdeeds of those wonderful wacky Tates and what's-their-names leave this viewer in a state of unshock.

And how gauche of all those pressure groups to complain and threaten advertisers. The only offense, where Freedom of Expression is concerned, is to take offense. All they accomplished was to give Mr. Whitney and the other First Amendment fundamentalists the chance for a little display of high-horsemanship. *Soap*, I said, doesn't offend. Should I have said it *fails* to offend? It's hard to tell whether its aim is off or whether it doesn't have a target.

ALL IN THE FAMILY we have always with us. It is now reduced to buttocks humor—at the expense, of course, of Archie's arse. The latest episode showed him sitting on a knitting needle and later getting pinched on the backside. The poor guy can never do anything right, at least not until his immaculately liberal Gloria and her husband the Meathead have conspired with humiliating Experience to show him the light. It's an old TV joke—sit-com daddies are always feckless, with the honorable exceptions of Robert Young and Beaver Cleaver's dad—but it's a durable one. As a daddy and a self-

appointed guardian of public morals (a felicitous phrase I take from Mr. Whitney), I demand the formation of a pressure group to bring General Motors to its knees until it quits subsidizing the networks' conspiracy to traduce the American Father. Unless it happens soon, this country will suffer a wave of parricides, mark my word.

Meanwhile, a good word for Archie Bunker. Whenever somebody asks where he is, his whereabouts are hilariously signified by the sound of a toilet flushing upstairs. I don't know why that makes *him* funny. As far as I can tell, he's the only one in the family who flushes the thing. For that matter, he's the only one who *uses* it. This is hard to account for, unless you assume that liberals are too refined to have alimentary canals. Come to think of it, such an assumption would jibe with the show's premises.

CONSIDER: every time Archie defames some minority, he is instantly confuted by the materialization of an urbane Representative thereof, who invariably speaks in epigrams so polished as to make one wonder why affirmative action (let alone police action) was ever thought needful. His bigotries are not only ethnic: one show exposed his shameful prejudice against transvestites. The aforementioned episode also showed him seething with irrational hostility toward an Old Person, merely because she, an uninvited guest in his house, relentlessly insulted him, corrected his grammar, and complained of his cigars. Whereupon the Meathead gave him a lecture on the necessity of respecting one's elders. Season after season, Michael tirelessly explains a) that They are no different from Us, and b) that to the extent They *are* different, They're just that much more adorable.

Needless to say, the show is fueled by sneaking sympathy for Archie, and the Meathead—that sniveling social conscience—is there just to keep the pressure groups from growling. A worthy priority for the American Fathers Pressure Group would be to



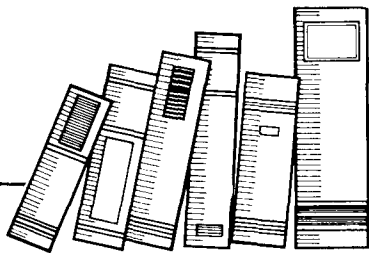
insist that next season's premier show Michael Stivic slain on a subway, after having ignored Archie's advice to take a cab. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE PANAMA CANAL: *The Crisis in Historical Perspective*, by Walter LaFeber (Oxford, 248 pp., \$10.95). I begin to understand the other side's point. LaFeber says this book grew out of a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. I think it was from the CIA. LaFeber's purpose, he announces, is to contribute to the current debate by emphasizing the forces of the past. Emphasis, *sí*; contribution—well . . . He encapsulates Panama's coup-ridden history in a lively way, making deft use of a number of entertaining quotes (John Bassett Moore on the 1846 U.S.-Colombia treaty in TR's hands: "a covenant running away with the land"). But his grammar is revisionist ("Other than the friendly bankers, Torrijos had little reason to show affection toward North Americans"), as is some of his history: LaFeber still thinks that Castro was an agrarian reformer. LaFeber arrives, predictably, at the government position, expressed in the final chapter, "Five Questions," which are notable for their one-sidedness. True, past U.S. behavior may, as he says, justify the present fierce nationalistic desire of the Panamanians to own the Canal. But that behavior—and this book—hardly disposes of the appropriate military concerns, and does not support provisions in the proposed treaty requiring the U.S. to pay reparations, or to forswear building a sea-level canal elsewhere. Wonder what LaFeber looks like without a red wig. DANIEL OLIVER

THE HIDDEN CANYON, A River Journey, by John Blaustein and Edward Abbey (Penguin/Viking, 136 pp., \$7.95 paper, \$19.95 hardcover). Here's a book that opens, if you please, with the phrase, "Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed . . ." and which, nonetheless, you cannot put down. But you will find yourself interrupting the narrative repeatedly to flip back and forth through the leisurely and handsomely printed pages for yet another look at the 95 spectacular color photographs by John Blaustein, the cullings from thirty 18-day journeys as a dory boatman, down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. They're the best I've ever seen, better even than the sensational Elliot Porter photographs that illustrated an updated version of *Major Powell's Journals* several years back. The accompanying text by Edward Abbey, a naturalist and con-

(Continues on page 233)



Dark Horses

MUCH HAS BEEN written in the American media about the failures of our policy in Vietnam, and since those failures were many and lurid the exercise is amply justified.

Only rarely, however, has the post-mortem lens been focused on the media's own important role in helping produce the Vietnam calamity: their frequent misreporting of the war, over-emphasis on marginalia, and, toward the end, decisive influence in undercutting support at home for a policy of relative firmness toward the Communists.

By far the saddest passage in this chronicle of malfeasance was the coverage given the Tet offensive of 1968—which, in retrospect, was probably the political turning point of the war. As Peter Braestrup demonstrates in *Big Story* (Westview Press, 1898 Flatiron Court, Boulder, Colo. 80301; two volumes, \$50), the Tet onslaught was a serious setback for the Communists, resulting in horrendous losses and the denial of their key objectives. Yet it was played up in the American media (with certain honorable exceptions) as a major victory for Hanoi.

Braestrup knows whereof he speaks. He was himself a correspondent in Vietnam for both the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* and on top of this has done a massive research job on the output of the wire services, networks, news magazines, and Eastern papers in their handling of Tet. In case after case, he shows, the national media suggested a sweeping victory for the Communists, praised the courage and wiliness of Hanoi's leaders, disparaged our allies in Saigon, and projected a scenario of doom for U.S. policy.

The author is scrupulously fair in passing judgment on his colleagues, and he discounts the effects of ideological bias in prompting such inaccurate coverage. He thinks the problems were inadequate knowledge and preparation, frustration with official Pollyannaism, and the technical demands of the networks and news mag-

azines ("good film" and simple, thematic stories being among the chief requirements).

Braestrup's book is so meticulous that it should become a standard text in journalism courses, both as an example of good reporting and analysis in its own right and as a warning against hack journalism. One hopes a lower-priced edition will eventually become available, so that the general public may have the benefit of Braestrup's careful scholarship.

If the reporting from Vietnam was bad, that from southern Africa may reasonably be called atrocious. All things considered, it is probable that the American public has a less clear notion of what is occurring in Rhodesia and South Africa today than it had of what was happening ten years ago in Indochina (a condition abetted, of course, by the fierce hostility of official policy toward these countries and the pervasive effort of the Carter Administration to deny access to data that do not conform to Third World animosities).

THE GAP BETWEEN the official/media version and the reality in Rhodesia is argued by novelist Robin Moore, now a resident of Salisbury, in *Rhodesia* (Condor Publishing Company, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; \$2.25). The conventional view has it that Rhodesia is the site of a noble "liberation" struggle, pitting virtuous blacks against their white oppressors. The picture limned by Moore is decidedly different. What is occurring in Rhodesia, he shows, is a war of aggression by Communist-sponsored terrorists whose principal victims are Rhodesian blacks and whose ultimate enemies are moderate black political leaders attempting to reach a settlement with Ian Smith. Perhaps if enough Americans read Moore's book, we won't have to conduct another post-mortem about the failures of our policy, and our media, a few years hence.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 230)

servationist, who writes with humor and urbanity—and an occasional attractive crotchiness—makes you feel what it is like to confront the icy, racing, dangerous waters of the Colorado and its thundering rapids in a light dory. Scary, that's what it's like, and exhilarating (if you survive, that is; Abbey and his wife had one close call). "Down these grand, gloomy depths we glide," wrote Major John Wesley Powell, over a hundred years ago, "ever listening, ever watching. . . ." John Blaustein's photographs carry you down those same gloomy depths, and Edward Abbey writes with an ear open, listening, ever listening, for the cascading roar of waters that means rapids ahead.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

WILLIAM BLAKE: *The Seer and His Visions*, by Milton Klonksy (Crown, 142 pp., \$12). Blake was a genius—the greatest English artist and, after Shakespeare, perhaps England's greatest lyric poet. He was also a crank. Admirers from Crab Robinson to T. S. Eliot have accepted the paradox, but Milton Klonksy devotes his Introduction to this magnificent collection of Blake's pictures to trying to convince the reader that everything Blake said made sense. Everything from a self-serving analysis of his own LSD trip to an exegesis of the Prophetic Books delivered in thunderous, polysyllabic abstractions is used to beat the poor reader over the head. To no avail. There are sharp perceptions—the recognition that Blake was closest in spirit to contemporaries he never knew, such as Goya and the Marquis de Sade—but a simple biographical text would have been infinitely more useful. Mysticism cannot be analyzed, much less sold; or, as Blake put it:

*What seems to be, is
To those to whom
It seems to be.*

SELDEN RODMAN

THE WORLD, THE WEST, AND PRETORIA, by Alexander Steward (McKay, 308 pp., \$14.95). Since South Africa's philosophy of separate development for its diverse peoples has been unfairly caricatured and anathematized in the American press, this

intelligent defense of that policy by the distinguished editor of *RSA World* is welcome. Mr. Steward considers that the Westminster system is being shattered internationally by the rebellion of peoples who reject melting-pot democracy and opt for ethnic or national autonomy. He imputes the Western crusade against South Africa to such postwar developments as collective masochism, Toynebean "failure of nerve," the waning of religious faith, and an egalitarian ideology that considers individual differences and excellence suspect. The violent racial, national, and religious conflicts that permeated the modern world give support to the view that people who share nothing but territory cannot form viable nations. If so, the South African experimental efforts to create a stable confederation of autonomous ethnic and tribal nation-states deserve dispassionate study rather than moralistic condemnation. The negative feature of Steward's thought-provoking study of this situation is that he fails to come to grips with some of the tougher questions, such as: Can the Bantu nation-tribes form stable modern political entities? Where will the ultimate power reside? What happens if Bantustans join hands with South Africa's enemies?

NATHANIEL WEYL

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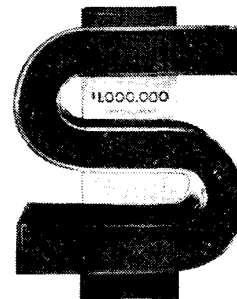
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Tomorrow the World

New York, Jan. 28—Did you ever see a lie walking?

Well I did. And so did everybody who read the *New York Times* or any other journal quoting the president of the American Federation of Radio and Television Artists (AFTRA) on January 20. Said Mr. Sanford Wolff about the resolution of a seven-year legal fight between me and Mr. M. Stanton Evans on the one hand, and AFTRA on the other: "It's a victory for us [AFTRA] because it got them out of the damned courtroom. We didn't give up anything, but just affirmed what already was law. Buckley and Evans always had the right to resign. That's not new, and they didn't gain anything."

You heard what the gentleman said? That I "always" had the right to resign membership in AFTRA?

Mr. Wolff's agent, one Kenneth Groot of the New York local of AFTRA, wrote to me on September 3, 1964, "Since AFTRA has a union shop in all its collective-bargaining agreements, it is necessary that persons who appear on radio or television in AFTRA-covered employment be members of AFTRA."

And two months later, Mr. M. Sage of the same office wrote to me, "Please be advised that you are required to be a member of AFTRA [in order to appear on radio or television]."

These letters are not fragments from my family album. They are court exhibits. And they are as familiar to Mr. Wolff, who in feigning ignorance of them is indulging his constitutional right to lie to the United States press, as they are to me, to the dozen lawyers who have reviewed them, to the District Court of the Second Circuit that considered them, to the Court of Appeals, and to the National Labor Relations Board, all three of which agencies over a period of seven years heard Mr. Wolff and his attorneys huffing away, but losing pound after pound of arrogance as, bit by bit, they retreated from the position of 1964.

Their retreat came in several stages.

They began by insisting that everyone who wanted to appear on radio or television had to be a member of AFTRA. Moreover, to become a member of

AFTRA it was required that one execute a commitment to a life of servility to AFTRA that Kunta Kinte would have blushed to sign. But AFTRA was collecting contracts of this sort from such eminences as Walter Cronkite and Harry Reasoner and other proud men who are still numbed by those archaic superstitions that give labor unions those marvelous immunities by which men and women are deprived of fundamental liberties.

Then, after a couple of years and a stunning defeat in the District Court, AFTRA surreptitiously dropped the requirement that we join their union, so long as we continue to pay money to it.

Their doing so surreptitiously was precisely the point of the argument during Phase Three of the legal fight. It does no good for a union to admit privately to you that you need not be a member—while failing to advise the employer who refuses to hire you because you don't come in with a union card. That precisely was happening as late as last summer.

Finally, this month, the union capitulated, and promised the Court to send to all its signatories a letter within thirty days, including the specific sentence, "Under prevailing law such persons are not obligated to accept membership in AFTRA."

THAT IS A VERY concrete victory. Under probing by the *New York Times* reporter, the president of AFTRA leaked his apprehensions. "The union president said . . . there was cause for concern if the union could not require employees to adhere to its rules and regulations or to be bound by strikes." Well, I have news for Mr. Wolff: Thanks to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which financed this case, and thanks to the brilliant legal work of attorney C. Dickerman Williams, employees are precisely *not* bound to obey the union's rules any longer, and the First Amendment has won a significant victory. Credit is also due to the American Civil Liberties Union, which reversed its historic position in support of compulsory unionism and filed a brief amicus curiae in support of Mr. Evans and myself.

I am left with the single regret that, now that Walter Cronkite can stay on the

air, we will never again hear a CBS executive, substituting for the professionals during a strike, announce—as on a famous occasion one did—that, tomorrow, there would be "mosterly easterly winds." □

GORDON LIDDY

New York, Jan. 26—
An hour with Gordon Liddy, even though the

ground rules excluded questions on the subject of Watergate, is well—indeed fascinatingly—spent. He has lately been writing about prison life, and it transpires that he did not return from hell with empty hands. He was the same Gordon Liddy when he came out of jail as when he went in: and indeed there is a creeping universal respect for him, notwithstanding that one cannot philosophically excuse his failure to contribute his own special knowledge of the crimes committed in part under his auspices to the prosecution.

You see, for Gordon Liddy, as for others—mostly, to be sure, members of the criminal class—informing is the supreme sin. On this point he is almost entirely inflexible. I say almost, because he did concede that if he had been a Jew mistakenly caught up in Hitler's genocidal enterprise, upon seeing the light he would have informed against his former associates "on the grounds that they were, after all, really trying to kill me." Otherwise his views on informants are relentless, and perfectly captured in the ice-cold water into which he catapults the reader in his article, "Serving Time in America," in *Esquire* magazine:

"For those whose understanding of prison life is predicated upon early Warner Brothers films depicting George Raft banging a tin cup against his cell bars or, more recently, the introspective musings of John Dean in *Newsweek*, based upon his four months of tender loving care as the prize canary of the Watergate special prosecution force, I offer first my credentials . . ."

Those credentials turned out to be over fifty months in a total of eight jails. He'd have been there yet except that, finally, a Democratic President came along with enough internal security on the subject of

Watergate to risk issuing a pardon. But here was no attempt to bargain with Gordon Liddy. What he did, he did. Whether he believes he was victimized by his superiors, we do not know. We know only that he uses a Machiavellian vocabulary, in which the rights of the Prince go substantially unchallenged; and the duties of the Prince's underlings are unquestioningly executed.

Gordon Liddy advises us that in prison there are, roughly speaking, five classes of inmates. Beginning at the bottom are the informants. These need the protection of solitary confinement or else sanctuaries in other prisons where they are not known—otherwise they are, says Liddy, quite routinely executed. The free-market cost of arranging for such an execution is said to be five cartons of cigarettes, though of course that figure is subject to indexation.

Next there are the homosexuals. These are men who are considered weak, and therefore contemptible: given over to tawdry and perverse pleasures: a society within a society, treated as an isolated unit.

Then there are the drug users. These are less contemptible, one gathers, because in order to indulge their habits it is necessary that they use their wits. The trick is to get drugs (or, for that matter anything else deemed an amenity in prison), and to do so without stealing from another prisoner, and without informing.

A class above these is what Liddy calls the knock-arounds—men of a high level of competence, unattached usually, smart, able, generally aloof, and fiercely independent. One gathers that Liddy belonged to that class. Which is not, however, the aristocracy. These are those “accused”—as Liddy fastidiously puts it—of being members of organized crime rings. Their contacts in the outside world are sufficient to make them a credible force even within prison. If they desire revenge, they are in a position to effect it. They have the best lawyers, the best treatment within the prison: and the balance of the prison population is in awe of them.

What is surprising is that Gordon Liddy, who is identified in the public mind as the Watergate epoch's Number One hardliner, should find the anti-libertarian hierarchy in question so acceptable. Although Liddy exhibited exemplary powers of self-control, powers which can be called heroic, he has not taken to a suitable conclusion the philosophy that led him to follow the deeply mistaken instructions of his superiors. These after all were justified at the time on the grounds that the United States is in the business of defending a free society: such a society as was imperiled a decade ago by people who took the law into their own hands. (Remember civil disobedience?)

Gordon Liddy, having received the nod from the Prince, proceeded to take the law into his own hands. And he has not publicly committed himself to asking the question whether the nod from the Prince was a call to arms for the freedom and glory of his country—or whether the Prince was moving paunchily toward the gratification of his own, narrow self-interests. If disillusion comes to Gordon Liddy, and I think one day it will, one will want to read about it, because he is a man of superhuman character. □

MARX, ENGELS, LENIN, AND PINOCHET

New York, Feb. 1— A most learned and cosmopolitan friend was recently in Chile and spent an hour with General Pinochet after devoting the previous fortnight to instructing himself on the general state of affairs in the two-thousand-mile-long country. My friend, who is an ideological sophisticate with a wry sense of humor, made a proposal to General Pinochet designed to dispose of most of his PR problems. “Why don't you declare yourself a socialist?” Pinochet gasped. “No no. Just declare yourself a socialist. Go ahead and do everything else exactly the way you're doing it.” General Pinochet presumably thought of calling in the men in white suits, but satisfied himself merely to change the subject.

Really, it was a brilliant insight. Let us fantasize for a moment.

General Pinochet announces at a major speech that he is a socialist. He gives a lot of speeches about bad housing, bad health, and unemployment.

He joins the Socialist International and instructs his ambassadors in Sweden, West Germany, and France to arrive suddenly at the doorsteps of Olof Palme, Willy Brandt, and François Mitterrand, kiss them on both cheeks the minute they get inside the door, and drape the highest Chilean decoration about their necks.

Pinochet then arrives at the next international meeting of the Socialist International (yes, such a group exists) and gives a speech. What kind of a speech? Oh, any old Humphrey speech would do: it doesn't really matter, his presence is what counts. He then could make a world tour of the socialist nations, praising India, Yugoslavia, Poland, Algeria, Libya, and Portugal.

And back home? Actually, he would not need to do anything different back home. We all hope of course that the gradual restoration of civil liberties would continue as it has during the past couple of years. But that is an abstract concern, in the design of this discussion. After all, life under Tito, Boumédiène, and Qaddafi is hardly a bed of civil liberties, but by

and large the press leaves them alone. When last did you see a demonstration against Algeria? When last did the General Assembly of the United Nations petition for the release of political prisoners in Libya? What human rights commission has recently scheduled an investigation of affairs in Yugoslavia?

They talk about the slowness of Pinochet's revival of civil liberties notwithstanding that his political prisoners at the moment are probably fewer than a dozen; there is daily criticism of him in the press; the statements of political opponents are widely discussed on radio and television; an appeal by ex-President Frei to boycott the pro-Pinochet resolution fizzled and he got 75 per cent support, to be sure for a resolution tendentiously worded. In that sense the socialist world might find him suspiciously libertarian, but probably he could bull it through—socialism has to adapt itself to national patterns, as everybody says.

AS FOR HIS economic program—why, don't alter it in any particular. It is a program designed to curb inflation, stimulate the recovery of the private sector, and otherwise absorb the damage done by Salvador Allende. When questioned at press conferences about his procrastination in reintroducing state socialism to Chile, he could shrug his shoulders, smile knowingly, and cry out: “¡Viva el pueblo! ¡Viva el socialismo! ¡Adelante, compañeros!” and end the interview.

Absolutely marvelous things would begin to happen to him. First the United Nations would begin to lose interest in victimizing Chile. Then, after a while, Chile's ambassadors would begin to be invited to meetings of the radical-chic set in the UN, where he could always be counted on to toast the socialist martyrs of the world. The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, *Le Monde* and the *London Times* would remind us that you cannot bring about extensive reforms overnight, but that the identification of General Pinochet with social justice has to be applauded, and that we must all exhibit patience—Rome wasn't built in a day, now was it?

Meanwhile, the years go by and the standard of living of the Chilean people has risen dramatically. There is peace in the countryside, and bustle in the city. Every few years they go to the polls and Pinochet campaigns in a worker's costume, calling for yet more socialism, and the people cheer, and the older folks, sitting at home, think wistfully about the poor folks elsewhere who lack the benefits of a generation of Chilean socialism. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| A. Thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the Urim and the _____ | 8 134 83 189 142 62 124 | N. Clemens story concerned with identification by fingerprints | 10 68 149 160 172 187 22 27 215 178
198 218 60 19 84 |
| B. Some of these people act like a minority | 127 47 119 207 109 | O. To enlighten | 16 26 31 66 76 |
| C. Clemens wrote this about one of his ancestors | 135 206 34 75 94 176 81 37 53 14 | P. A girl's name | 67 113 25 191 200 154 45 |
| D. <i>The New Pilgrims' Progress</i> is the subtitle of this Clemens book (after <i>The</i>) | 144 20 214 9 79 88 101 104 28 123
165 129 132 151 208 | Q. To perplex | 91 99 18 122 163 41 |
| E. Town in Seine-et-Marne department of France | 159 130 156 193 180 21 115 | R. Only four different letters are needed to spell this girl's name; a friend of Clemens | 95 17 82 217 106 136 143 201 39 55
69 |
| F. A man corrupted this town, according to Clemens | 168 174 182 70 80 93 29 11 162 98 | S. What a large part of the population was, according to FDR | 118 92 181 105 211 114 102 195 38 |
| G. The greatest degree attained under implied or specified conditions | 179 210 48 5 194 197 222 | T. Surname of three English brothers, a classical scholar, an animal painter, and a philosopher | 126 120 131 96 137 153 209 170 221 51 |
| H. One of Kipling's six honest serving-men | 145 49 141 6 158 | U. A book which Clemens co-authored (after <i>The</i>) | 33 57 183 2 199 173 125 140 202 |
| I. One who publishes | 1 4 15 59 64 89 | V. What a bureaucrat would call "food preparation area" | 152 72 46 203 220 52 139 |
| J. What Clemens followed as he lectured | 184 196 205 85 157 24 117 | W. This could be a prisoner, a hospital patient, or a poor person | 188 73 44 185 103 138 |
| K. Resembling a star | 192 111 161 148 86 78 190 169 | X. This pitcher won 300 games throwing with the wrong hand | 204 30 77 12 40 74 112 146 61 128 |
| L. Short title of a book by Clemens, also a book by Wilbur L. Cross | 23 65 32 42 50 63 87 100 116 147
150 166 171 175 216 3 36 | Y. The utmost extent | 219 121 107 155 167 |
| M. A backward parent gets mixed up with a backward waterway to produce a publication | 213 71 13 90 54 97 133 | Z. A river in South Carolina | 7 186 177 110 212 58 |
| | | a. To entice | 35 43 56 108 164 |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

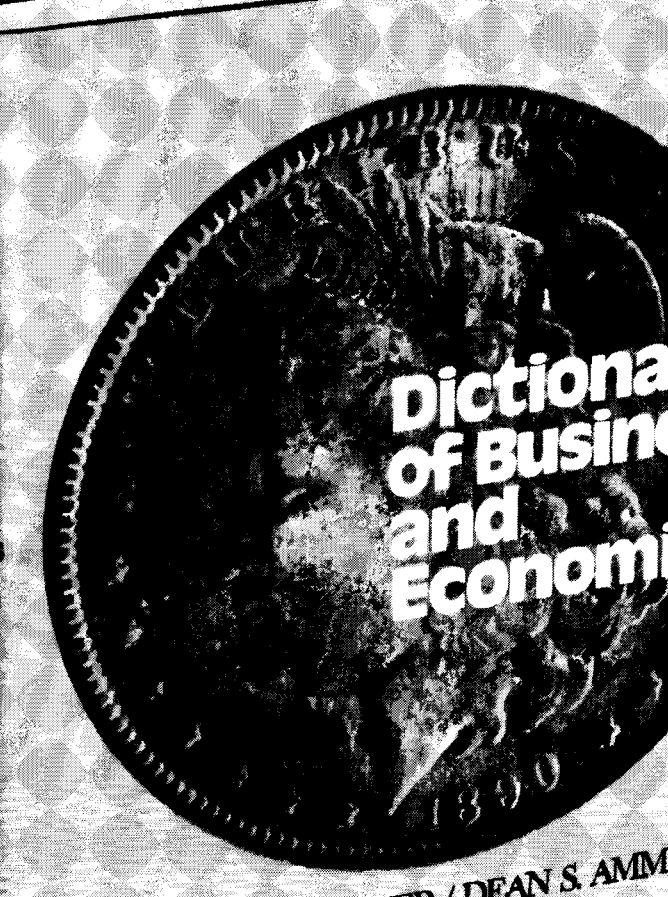
See page 232 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 I		2 U	3 L	4 I	5 G	6 H	7 Z		8 A	9 D		10 N	11 F	12 X		13 M	14 C
15 I	16 O	17 R	18 Q		19 N	20 D		21 E	22 N	23 L	24 J	25 P	26 O		27 N	28 D		29 F	30 X
31 O	32 L	33 U		34 C		35 a	36 L	37 C	38 S	39 R	40 X		41 Q	42 L	43 a	44 W	45 P		46 V
47 B		48 G	49 H	50 L		51 T	52 V	53 C	54 M	55 R	56 a	57 U	58 Z	59 I	60 N		61 X	62 A	63 L
64 I		65 L	66 O		67 P	68 N	69 R	70 F	71 M	72 V	73 W	74 X		75 C	76 O		77 X	78 K	79 D
80 F		81 C	82 R		83 A	84 N	85 J	86 K	87 L	88 D	89 I	90 M	91 Q	92 S	93 F		94 C	95 R	96 T
	97 M	98 F	99 Q	100 L	101 D	102 S	103 W		104 D	105 S	106 R		107 Y	108 a	109 B	110 Z	111 K	112 X	113 P
114 S	115 E		116 L	117 J	118 S	119 B	120 T		121 Y	122 Q		123 D		124 A	125 U	126 T		127 B	128 X
129 D	130 E		131 T	132 D		133 M	134 A	135 C	136 R	137 T	138 W	139 V	140 U	141 H		142 A	143 R		144 D
	145 H	146 X	147 L	148 K	149 M		150 L	151 D	152 V	153 T		154 P	155 Y	156 E		157 J	158 H	159 E	160 W
161 K	162 F	163 Q	164 a		165 D	166 L		167 Y	168 F	169 K		170 T	171 L	172 N	173 U		174 F	175 L	176 C
	177 Z		178 N	179 G	180 E	181 S	182 F		183 U	184 J	185 W	186 Z		187 N	188 W	189 A		190 K	191 P
	192 K	193 E	194 G	195 S		196 J	197 G	198 N	199 U	200 P		201 R	202 U	203 V	204 X	205 J	206 C	207 B	208 D
	209 T	210 G	211 S	212 Z		213 M	214 D	215 W		216 L	217 R	218 N	219 Y		220 V	221 T	222 G		

By definition.

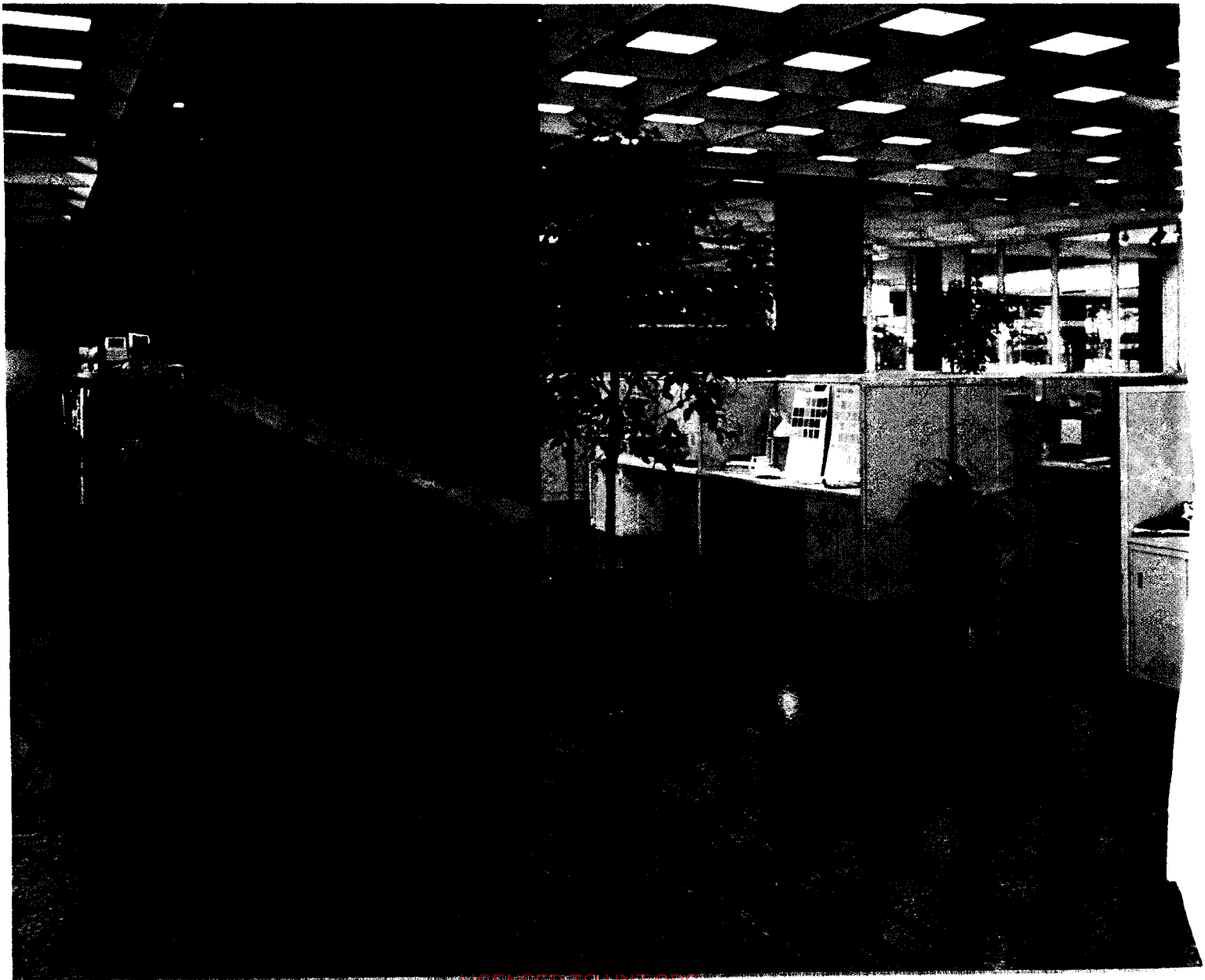
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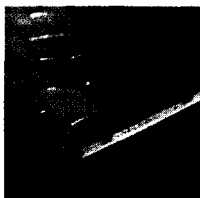
urse, as a building manager or owner, you what your tenants' shoes can do to a floor ing. So, for your part, you want something toes more than reflect a certain handsome arance. You want something that endures.

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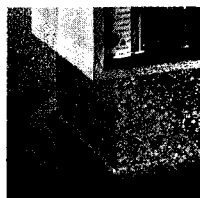
Inlaid pattern and color extend through the wear layer



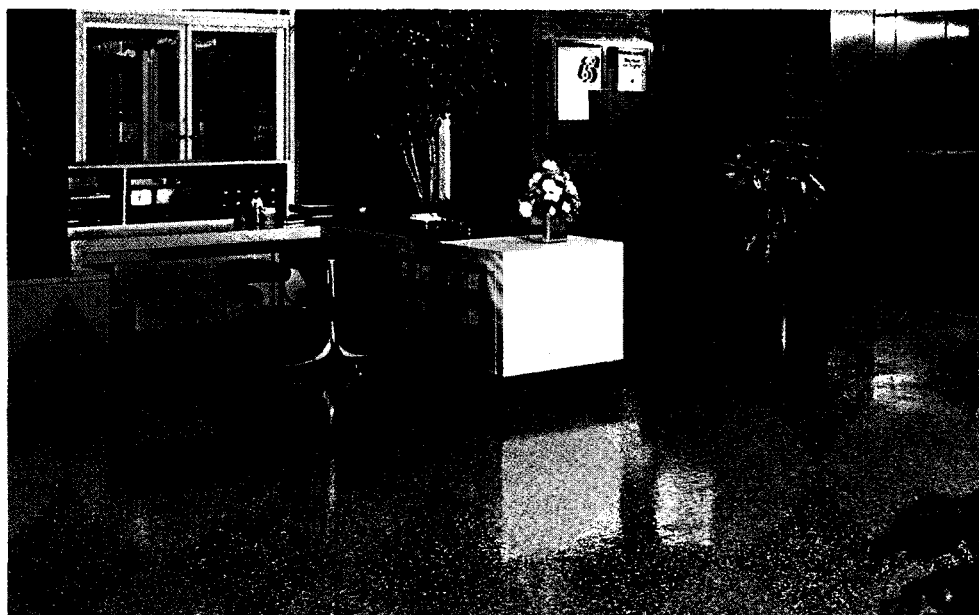
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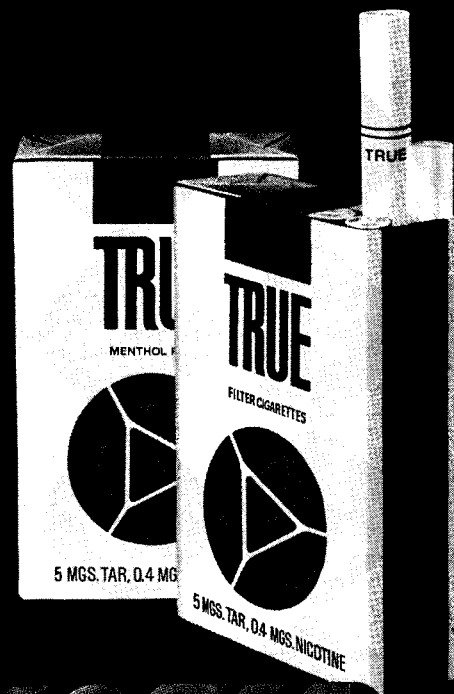


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